INTERESTING

# ANECDOTES,

*MEMOIRS,*

# ALLEGORIES,

ESSAYS,

AND

*POETICAL FRAGMENTS,*

TENDING

TO AMUSE THE FANCY,

AND

INCULCATE MORALITY.

*BY MR. ADDISON.*

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A

# COLLECTION

OF INTERESTING

*Anecdotes, Essays, &c.*

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## *ANECDOTE*

OF

## DR. GOLDSMITH.

THOSE in the least acquainted with the character of Dr. Goldsmith, know that œconomy and foresight were not amongst the catalogue of his virtues. In the suit of his pensioners (and he generally enlarged the list as he enlarged his finances) was the late unfortunate Jack Pilkington, of scribbling memory, who had served the Doctor so many tricks, that he despaired of getting any more money from him, without coming out with a *chef-d'œuvre*

once for all. He accordingly called on the Doctor one morning, and running about the room in a fit of joy, told him his fortune was made! "How so, Jack?" says the Doctor.—"Why," says Jack, "the Duchess of Marlborough, you must know, has long had a strange *penchant* for a pair of white mice; and as I knew they were sometimes to be had in the East-Indies, I commissioned a friend of mine, who was going out there, to get them for me, and he is this morning arrived with two of the most beautiful little animals in nature." After Jack had finished this account with a transport of joy, he lengthened his visage, by telling the Doctor all was ruined, for without two guineas to buy a cage for the mice, he could not present them. The Doctor, unfortunately, as he said himself, had but half a guinea in the world, which he offered to lend him.—But Pilkington was not to be beat out of his scheme; he perceived the Doctor's watch hanging up in his room, and after premising on the indelicacy of the proposal, hinted, "that if he could spare that watch for a week, he could raise a few guineas on it, which he would repay him with gratitude." The Doctor would not be the means of spoiling a man's fortune for such a trifle. He accordingly took down the watch, and

and gave it to him; which Jack immediately took to the pawnbroker's, raised what he could on it, and never once looked after the Doctor, till he sent to borrow another half-guinea from him on his death bed, which the Doctor very generously sent him.

THE

## WHIMSICAL INTERVIEW.

A GENUINE STORY.

SIR James Freelove is a person of very considerable property in the funds, besides being in possession of a landed estate of near ten thousand a year. He nevertheless makes no saving, nor ever thinks of improving his estate, or racking his tenants. The sole object of his life is pleasure, and as he entertains that erroneous opinion in common with many debauchees, that every female has her price, he has relinquished all thoughts of matrimony, and looks upon the beautiful part of the whole sex as his sultanas.—In this opinion he frequently expends very considerable sums in chimerical pursuits, and is often the dupe of his own vanity.

He has a trusty valet who possesses those talents that justly entitle him to be stiled an excellent pimp; indeed his genius is very fertile in negociations of this kind. As he has a smattering of poetry, and writes tolerable English, he is Sir James's laureat and secretary in all his amorous correspondence, as well as his personal negociator upon these occasions. It is true this is frequently a business of danger; but he has courage enough to brave it, and as he is *un homme à tout faire*, he sticks at nothing that will promote the business.

As a specimen of his abilities in this line, we shall mention a few anecdotes that have come to our knowledge, which will tend to illustrate the character of this trusty valet, master Martin. It may be necessary to premise that he is about thirty, genteel in his person, and possesses a volubility of speech, which never fails him.—Some months since he had intelligence of a very pretty farmer's daughter near Hertford; he went down *incog.* (for strange as it may appear, a valet may be *incog.*) and passed for a rich farmer in the North of England. He was equipped at all points to support the deception, and among other requisites a bag, with a considerable sum in it was not omitted. He soon found out

out the public house the farmer frequented in the neighbourhood, and failed not to resort thither.

A bowl of punch is very apt to declare the secrets of the mind, and among other things he informed Martin that he had a very handsome daughter, and if he could but fix her marriage, his heart would be at ease, and all his troubles in this world would be at an end.

It is very common for old men to dwell upon favourite subjects, and the former failed not to expatiate upon his daughter's virtues and excellencies; nay, he went farther, he invited Martin to go home with him, taste his ale, and see his daughter. The invitation it may easily be imagined, was readily accepted, and they set forth, the one to exhibit, the other to reconnoitre the young gentlewoman's charms.—Martin was amazingly struck with her beauty, he was almost inclined to make love to her in earnest, in behalf of his own dear person; but interest prevailed over his passion, and he was resolved to act as a faithful servant. He wrote to his master that very night, giving him a description of Miss P———, and requesting his immediate presence to have ocular proof of his

his judicious choice. The Baronet immediately attended, and was enamoured with the charming simplicity of Miss P———. Martin now exhausted his imagination for an expedient to carry her off, but Old Argus was too attentive. The farmer had more than sufficient reason to suspect his design, and after Martin had paid Miss P——— several visits, in which he paid the most ardent declaration of his passion in a stile superior to that of a rustic, and to which her father had often listened, the latter came to this short explanation, "if he meant honourably to declare himself at once." A categorical answer was required immediately, and Martin found himself so circumstanced, that he must either give up his prize, or submit to the hard terms prescribed. He boldly accepted, and they were actually married.

They set out to consummate their nuptials at Hertford, where Sir James was planted.—After supper the bride and bridegroom retired to rest, and when the candles were extinguished, the Baronet came forward from his retreat in an adjacent room, and supplied Martin's place.—The deluded fair one found too late the deception. Martin decamped early in the morning, and left his master in possession of his prey.—

Terrified

Terrified and ashamed at her situation, overwhelmed with sorrow, she had not fortitude to resist the tempting offers the Baronet made her, and yielded to his proposal of retiring to a pleasant villa he had in that neighbourhood.

Martin was not always successful in these infamous pursuits, as the following story will prove. Miss M———, a beautiful young lady, had not long been married to Mr. D———n, a gentleman of small fortune, whose chief expectations were founded on levee dangling, hitherto without success. Sir James thought he should find an easy conquest in Mrs. D———n, and having written a passionate epistle to her, in which he gave her a *carte blanche*, Martin was dispatched with it to attend her. By dint of bribery he gained admission in the absence of her husband and brother. Mrs. D——n was at first greatly astonished at the contents of the letter; but having recovered her presence of mind, bid him return in an hour, when she would give him an answer. Martin highly elated at this imaginary success, flew to his master with the joyful tidings, and returned most punctually at the time appointed. A trusty servant in the house was admitted into the secret, and Martin was introduced to the lady

in

in the presence of her husband and brother.—"Sir," said she to Martin, who was greatly confounded, pointing to her husband, "this is my secretary, with whom I entrust all my secrets, and he will give you a proper answer." Mr. D——n now produced the letter, and asked him if he had not delivered that paper to his wife. Martin instantly fell upon his knees, and implored mercy, declared he was ignorant of the contents of the billet, or he would certainly never have brought it; but this palliation had no effect, the servants were called, and he received a proper chastisement for his insolence and villainy, which now confines him to his bed, where he may probably remain some weeks; and Mr. D——n is in search of Sir James, in order to bestow a similar reward on him.

## CRUELTY.

ALEXANDER LEIGHTON, a Doctor of Divinity, a Scotchman, and a zealous Puritan, by desire of some of his friends had written and published a book, entitled, "Zion's Plea against Prelacy." It contained some warm imprudent invectives against the prelates, and the

the conduct of those in power. Soon after the publication of the work, without an information upon oath, or legal proof who was the author, Leighton, as he was coming from church, was arrested by two high commissioned pursuivants. They dragged him to the house of Laud, where he was kept till seven in the evening without food. Laud returning at this time in great pomp and state, with Corbet, Bishop of Oxford, Leighton demanded to be heard. The haughty Laud did not deign to see him, but sent him to Newgate. He was clapped into irons, and confined in an uninhabitable apartment, where, notwithstanding the weather was cold, and snow and rain beat in, there was no convenient place to make a fire. From Tuesday night to Thursday noon he was unsupplied with food, and in this infernal dwelling was kept fifteen weeks, without any friend, not even his wife being suffered to come near him. His own house was in the mean time rifled by the officers of the high-commissioned court, his wife and children treated by these ruffians with great barbarity, himself denied a copy of the commitment, and the Sheriffs of London refused to bail him, at his wife's petition. At the end of fifteen weeks he was served with a subpæna. Keath, the Attorney General, on an assurance that he should

come off well, extorted a confession from him that he was the author of the book. An information was immediately lodged against him in the star-chamber, by Heath. He confessed the writing of the book, but with no such intention as the information suggested. He pleaded, that his aim was to remonstrate against certain grievances in church and state, under which the people suffered, to the end that the parliament might take them into consideration, and give such redress, as might be for the honour of the King, the quiet of the people, and the peace of the church. This answer not being admitted as satisfactory, the following cruel sentance was, by this tyrannical court, ponounced against him, though sick and absent, viz.

" That he should pay a fine of ten thousand pounds to his majesty's use; and in respect that the defendant had heretofore entered into the ministry, and the court of star-chamber did not use to inflict any corporal or ignominious punishment upon any person so long as they continued in orders, the court referred him to the high commission, there to be degraded of his ministry; that done, for farther punishment, and example to others, the delinquent to be brought to the pillory at Westminster (the court

court sitting) there whipped; after his whipping, to be set in the pillory for some convenient space; to have his ears cut off, his nose slit, and to be brandished in the face with S. S. for a sower of sedition; then to be carried to the Fleet prison; and at some convenient time afterwards to be carried to the pillory at Cheapside upon a market day, to be there likewise whipped, then set in the pillory, have his other ear cut off, and then be carried back to the prison of the Fleet, there to remain during life, unless his majesty be graciously pleased to enlarge him."

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On Friday, November the 16th, part of his sentence was put in execution in this manner: in the New Palace-Yard at Westminster, in term time, he was severely whipped, then put in the pillory, where he had one of his ears cut off, one side of his nose slit, brandished on the cheek with a red-hot iron, with the letters S. S. and afterwards carried back to the Fleet, to be kept in close custody. On that day seven-night, his sores upon his back, ears, nose, and face, not being cured, he was whipped again at the pillory, in Cheapside, and there had the remainder of his sentence executed upon him, by cutting off the other ear, slitting the other side of the nose, and brandishing the other cheek.

Dr. Leighton, in his own account of this horrid execution, adds, that the hangman was made half drunk, and enjoined to perform his office with ferocity; that he stood, after receiving the punishment of the lash, almost two hours in the pillory, exposed to frost and snow, and there suffered the rest: that being with these miseries disabled from walking, he was denied the benefit of a coach, and carried back to prison by water, to the farther endangering his life.

## ANECDOTE OF *VOLTAIRE.*

WHEN Voltaire was in England, some years ago, Lord Chesterfield (who was extremely fond of his company, and who corresponded with that bard till his death) invited him to dinner, which invitation he accepted, but finding the *vails* he was obliged to give the servants much more than would have paid for a dinner at a tavern, he declined the second, and even the third invitation, being always previously engaged; when Lord Chesterfield meeting

ing him one day in the Park, he pressed him strongly to come and eat soup with him, but Voltaire still declined it, saying, "Upon my word, my Lord, I cannot afford it." His lordship was astonished at first, but an explanation taking place, Lord Chesterfield ordered, on pain of losing their places, all his servants to refuse taking of vails. This was the first example given for reforming this evil, which has been followed by most of the nobility, who make a proper allowance to their domestics in lieu of this perquisite.

# DRUSILLA;

## OR, THE FATE OF HAROLD.

### A TALE OF FORMER TIMES.

WHILE yet the hardy sons of Britain groaned beneath the Danish yoke; long ere the immortal Alfred rose, like the resplendent God of Day, to animate this drooping nation, and warm each patriotic bosom with ardour, to seek the emancipation of it's country; on an elevated and advantageous spot, near which the majestick Frome now winds its way through the

the fertile Dorsetian meadows, Harold, a potent and ambitious Dane, held a strong and well-fortified castle; and stretched over all the adjacent country the iron rod of unfeeling despotism.—In the plenitude of unopposed power, he became notorious for those acts of violence and oppression, which rendered his unhappy vassals ever uneasy and insecure, even in possession of the simple rights of nature.

On the verge of his ample dominions, in the most distant and intricate recess of an extensive and gloomy forest, the oppressed Edmund, though descended from a long race of worthy Britons, fixed his humble residence, removed as far as possible from the vicinage of his imperious Lord, to whom he failed not to pay due homage, and customary tribute. But tyranny is ever the same; restless and insatiable; not content with wresting from its victims their rightful possessions, and dearest privileges, it is ever ill at ease, while they enjoy the least, the meanest domestick comfort, or consolation!

Among the peasants, who preferred this retirement with Edmund, was his only brother Edgar, a youth of the most manly figure, and engaging deportment. Harold had selected all the

the finest youth of his domains, of whom were composed the guards of his castle. Edgar, therefore was enrolled in the number; and, with the greatest reluctance, doomed to wast his prime, confined within the fortress, subservient to the mandates of the wretch he despised. The aroused indignation of the honest plebeians was scarcely restrained from bursting forth into action, by the whispers of caution, or the admonitions of prudence. Yet cruel destiny waited to inflict a deeper wound on the peace of Edmund! Drusilla, the adorned partner of his bed, was confessedly one of the most lovely women of her day; in her, to a beautiful face, an intelligent mind, and a sweet disposition, were united a superiority of figure, and most exact symmetry of features.

*" Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her eye,*
*" In every gesture, dignity and love!"*

The fame of this accomplished female could not fail to reach and interest the ear of such a voluptuary as Harold. By his authoritative command, the fair victim was torn from the arms of her distracted husband, in order to gratify the lawless appetite of that tyrant. On her arrival at the castle, the beauties of her person,

and

and the firmness of her behaviour, impressed a kind of reverential awe and astonishment on all who saw her. Such dauntless and intrepid virtue confounded even Harold himself; who sought in vain, to win her to his desires, by the most specious arts, and seductive promises; determining if possible, to conciliate her favour by kind and gentle means, rather than force her inclination by austerity and violence. Day after day, he repeated his interviews, and redoubled his fruitless solicitations; during which time, she experienced the greatest marks of respect, and was allowed every indulgence, save that of liberty, and the society of a beloved husband, whose dear idea was ever present to her mind, and whose fate she mourned with inconsolable anguish.

Meanwhile, the generous Edwin, unknown to Drusilla, with great difficulty and danger, had found means to give information to Edmund, and concert a scheme for the delivery of the fair captive. Many of the guard were in his interest; and, as their Lord was held in equal detestation, many others waited only for an opportunity to do justice to themselves, their friends, and their country, by launching the bolt of vengeance on the devoted head of the common enemy.

Edmund was much esteemed by the little circle of his friends; and, fired with resentment for the injuries he had sustained, they vowed to espouse his cause and assist his enterprize.

Things at the castle now began to wear a more serious aspect. Impatient of repeated repulses in his illicit pursuit, Harold, growing irritated and enraged, commanded Drusilla to be confined to the dungeon, with a view to enforce that compliance, which kindness and artifice had attempted in vain; and she was given to understand, that he had fixed a time, beyond which his forbearance would be no longer dallied with.

The important day, destined for the sacrifice of virtue, at length arrived. Drusilla had prepared herself for the issue. She had concealed, under her flowing robe, a dagger, which she had fortunately secured, and resolved to have recourse to, if reduced to such an exigence, in defence of her honour.

The evening closed dark and tempestuous; the country was hushed to rest; not a sound was heard, save that of the driving storm, howling through the surrounding elms, and beating against the gloomy battlements, when she re-

ceived the dreaded, though not unexpected, summons. She was conducted, in respectful silence, to the great hall of the castle, where the haughty chieftain waited to receive her.—He was seated on a throne of state; and the apartment was hung around with all the pompous insignia of war, the victorious trophies of his conquering ancestors. Every appearance seemed adapted to impress terror, and demand submission.

The guards were ordered to withdraw; when, with his own hand, he bolted the massy folding-doors, while his eyes sparkled with libidinous triumph.

As the long pursued stag, after having forded the rapid river, scaled the lofty cliff, and penetrated the thickest wood, finding every expedient ineffectual, stands at bay, and fiercely turns his antled front on his blood-thirsty foes, so stood the dauntless heroine, alone, collecting all her fortitude to oppose the assailant of her virtue.

"Rash and inconsiderate fair one!" cried Harold, "you are not unacquainted with the purport of this interview. You have hitherto expe-

experienced my clemency only; consider me now no more in the character of an amorous suppliant, but of an absolute Lord I will be no longer the dupe of equivocation: if you judiciously yield to my wishes, you and your family shall share my protection, and taste my bounty; but, if you remain inflexible, take the consequences of your folly! this night your boasted virtue expires; and, before to-morrow's sun has run his course, the solicitudes of your beloved Edmund shall cease for ever! "Tyrant!" exclaimed the fearless female, "I despise thy threats, as I scorn thy favours! let sordid souls strike at thy specious lure, bid thy slaves tremble at thy frown: know, I have a mind superior to either! "I dare—" "enough, bold woman!" interrupted Harold, "power and opportunity are mine: by the gods, I will no longer abuse them!" he said; and, rushing forwards to seize her, she snatched the fatal weapon from beneath her robe, and plunged it into his bosom. He recoiled a few paces; planted his hands on the wound; sunk down, and, with a deep groan, expired. As stood the patriotick Brutus over the murdered body of the mighty Cæsar, on Rome's ever memorable day; so stood the well avenged Drusilla over her prostrate enemy, from whose mortal wound the crimson tide yet freely flowed: for

*" True fortitude is seen in great exploits,*
*" That justice warrants, and due vengeance guides."*

She had scarcely leisure to reflect on her critical situation, before her ears were assailed with sounds of tumult and confusion; from which she immediately conjectured, that the catastrophe was by some means discovered, and she expected no less than to be dragged to instantaneous execution. The sounds approached still nearer; the doors were violently agitated; and, in a moment flew open. A number of armed men rushed in. With an exultant mien, and a mind superior to dread, she exclaimed " Vassals of a tyrant! behold your Lord! My triumph is compleat! Here—here, wreak all your rage! But spare my Edmund! Spare—" " Best, and bravest of women," cried Edmund, rushing forward, and clasping her to his breast, " spare thy solicitudes; even in this place thou art safe. These, all these, are our common friends; they are no longer the panders of vice, but the protectors of virtue: to these I owe my introduction to this impregnable fortress; Edwin's courage and conduct inspired them with ardour to let down the draw-bridge, and force these strong doors; and, had not thy valorous hand anticipated the deed, even now the tyrant

tyrant had fallen, amidst his own guards, by the arms of those on whom he relied for protection. This very spot is now become the seat of Liberty! On these walls we fix her flowing banners!"

Mutual joy, congratulations, and unfeigned vows of eternal concord and amity, concluded the scene; when, loaded with spoils, and exulting in their recovered freedom, the united bands sought the impenetrable recesses of the forest; and, in defiance of every opposition, long enjoyed the blessings which their heroism had so nobly procured. So may the hand of Providence ever interpose in the cause of oppressed virtue and injured innocence.

*" Thus perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow,*
*" At other's good, nor melt at others woe;*
*" So, unlamented, pass the proud away,*
*" The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!"*

# ANECDOTE
OF
# *MARSHAL TALLARD.*

WHEN Marshal Tallard was confined a prisoner of war at Nottingham, he gave several balls to the ladies in the neighbourhood, and danced one evening with a young lady, who was a parson's daughter. She was extremely amiable, and made a great impression upon the Marshal.

His secretary, who was a man of easy morals, and had observed his master's agitation of mind, and the cause of it, thinking to recommend himself to the Marshal's favour, threw out several hints, that there would be no great difficulty of obtaining the young lady upon his own terms; but the Marshal replied, with magnanimity of soul that did him the greatest honour, "Sir, if I were one-and-twenty, and of the same religion as the lady, I should think it no discredit to offer her my hand in an honourable manner; but to ruin a virtuous young woman, for a momentary gratification, I should think it a far greater dishonour, than to be defeated and taken prisoner by the Duke of Marlborough."

*GENUINE*

## *GENUINE ANECDOTE.*

AT the commencement of the late war, when the French appeared inclined to take part with the Americans, but had not openly declared themselves, Sir Joseph Yorke, then our Ambassador at the Hague, meeting the French Ambassador, censured his court for interfering in the dispute, and taking so ungenerous a part. "You have been guilty, said he, of a dishonourable act, no less than that of *debauching* our daughter." I am sorry, replied the French Ambassador, that your Excellency should put so severe a construction on the matter.—She made the first advances, and absolutely threw herself into our arms; but rather than forfeit your friendship, if matrimony will make any atonement, we are ready to act honourably, and to *marry your daughter.*"

## *ANECDOTE*

OF

## LORD HALLIFAX.

AT the beginning of the revolution, several persons of rank, who had been zealously serviceable

serviceable in bringing about this event, but who at the same time had no great abilities, applied for some of the most considerable employments under government; when the Earl of Hallifax being consulted on the propriety of admitting those claims—"I remember," said his Lordship, "to have read in history, that Rome was saved by the *Geese*, but do not recollect that those geese were made *Consuls*."

## THE HISTORY

OF THE

## *SIEUR D'ANGLADE.*

THE Count of Montgomery rented part of an hotel in the Rue Royale at Paris. The ground floor and first floor were occupied by him; the second and third by the Sieur d'Anglade. The Count and Countess de Montgomery had an establishment suitable to their rank; they kept an almoner, and several male and female servants, and their horses and equipage were numerous in proportion: Monsieur d'Anglade (who was a gentleman, though of inferior rank to the Count) and his wife lived with less splendour, but

but yet with elegance and decency suitable to their situation in life. They had a carriage and were admitted into the best companies, where probably d'Anglade increased his income by play; but, on the strictest enquiry, it did not appear that any dishonourable actions could be imputed to him. The Count and Countess de Montgomery lived on a footing of neighbourly civility with Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade; and without being very intimate, were always on friendly terms. Some time in September 1687, the Count and Countess proposed passing a few days at Villebousin, one of their country houses; they informed Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade of their design, and invited them to be of the party, they accepted it; but the evening before they were to go, they for some reason or other (probably, because Madame d'Anglade was not very well) begged leave to decline the honour, and the Count and Countess set out without them, leaving in their lodgings one of the Countess's women, four girls whom she employed to work for her in embroidery, and a boy who was kept to help the footman. They took with them the priest Father Gagnard, who was their almoner, and all their other servants.

The Count pretended that a strange presenti-

ment of impending evil hung over him, and determined him to return to Paris a day sooner than he intended. Certain it is, that instead of staying till Thursday, as they proposed, they came back on Wednesday evening. On their coming to their hotel a few moments before their servants (who followed them on horseback) they observed that the door of a room on the ground floor, where their men servants slept, was a jar, though the almoner, who always kept the key, had double-locked it when he went away. Monsieur d'Anglade, who was out when they came home, returned to his lodgings about eleven o'clock, bringing with him two friends, with whom he had supped at the President Roberts's. On entering, he was told that the Count and Countess were returned, at which, it is said, he seemed much surprized.—However, he went into the apartment where they were, to pay his compliments. They desired him to sit down, and sent to beg Madame d'Anglade would join them; she did so, and they passed some time in conversation, after which they parted.

The next morning the Count de Montgomery discovered that the lock of his strong box had been opened by a false key, from which had been

been taken thirteen small sacks, each containing a thousand livres in silver; eleven thousand five hundred livres in gold, being double pistoles, and an hundred louis d'ors, of a new coinage called *au C'ordon*, together with a pearl necklace, worth four thousand livres.

The Count as soon as he made the discovery, went to the Police and preferred his complaint, describing the sums taken from him, and the species in which those sums were. The Lieutenant of the Police went directly to the hotel; where, from some circumstances it clearly appeared, that the robbery must have been committed by some one who belonged to the house. Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade earnestly desired to have their apartments and their servants examined; and from some observations he then made, or some prejudice he had before entertained against Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade, the Lieutenant of the Police seems to have conceived the most disadvantageous opinion of them, and to have been so far prepossessed with an idea of their guilt, that he did not sufficiently investigate the looks and the conduct of others. In pursuance, however, of their desire to have their rooms searched, he followed them thither, and looked narrowly into their drawers, closets,

and boxes; unmade the beds, and searched the mattrasses and the paillasses. On the floor they themselves inhabited, nothing was found: he then proposed ascending to the attic story, to which Monsieur d'Anglade readily consented. Madame d'Anglade excused herself from attending, saying that she was ill and weak. However her husband went up with the officer of justice, and all was readily submitted to his inspection. In looking into an old trunk, filled with clothes, remnants, and parchments, he found a rouleau of seventy louis d'ors, *au C'ordon*, wrapt in a printed paper, which paper was a genealogical table, which the Count said was his.

This seems to have been the circumstance which so far confirmed the before groundless and slight suspicions of the Lieutenant of the Police, that it occasioned the ruin of these unfortunate people.

As soon as these seventy louis d'ors were brought to light, the Count de Montgomery insisted upon it that they were his; though, as they were in common circulation, it was as impossible for him to swear to *them* as to any other coin. He declared, however, that he had no doubt

doubt but that Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade had robbed him; and said that he would answer for the honesty of all his own people, and that on this occasion he could not but recollect that the Sieur Grimaudet, who had before occupied this hotel, which Monsieur d'Anglade had inhabited at the same time, had lost a valuable piece of plate. It was therefore, the Count said, very probable that d'Anglade had been guilty of both the robberies, which had happened in the same place while he inhabited it.

On this rouleau of seventy louis d'ors, the Lieutenant of the Police seized. He bid Monsieur d'Anglade count them; he did so, but terrified at the imputation of guilt, and of the fatal consequence which in France often follows the imputation only, his hand trembled as he did it; he was sensible of it, and said—"I tremble." This emotion, so natural even to innocence appeared, in the eyes of the Count and the Lieutenant, a corroboration of his guilt.

After this examination, they descended to the ground floor, where the almoner, the page, and the valet de chambre were accustomed to sleep together, in a small room. Madame d'Anglade desired the officer of the Police to remark

remark, that the door of this apartment had been left open, and that the valet de chambre probably knew why; of whom, therefore, enquiry should be made. Nothing was more natural than this observation, yet to minds already prepossessed with an opinion of the guilt of d'Anglade and his wife, this remark seemed to confirm it: when in a corner of this room, where the wall formed a little recess, five of the sacks were discovered, which the Count had lost; in each of which was a thousand livres; and a sack, from which upwards of two hundred had been taken.

After this no farther enquiry was made, nor any of the servants examined. The guilt of Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade was ascertained, in the opinion of the Lieutenant of the Police and the Count de Montgomery; and, on no stronger grounds than the circumstance of finding the seventy louis d'ors, the emotion shewn by d'Anglade while he counted them, and the remark made by his wife, were these unfortunate people committed to prison. Their effects were seized. Monsieur d'Anglade was thrown into a dungeon in the Chatelet; and his wife who was with child, and her little girl about four years old, were sent to l'Eveque; while the

the strictest orders were given that no person whatever should be admitted to speak to them. The prosecution now commenced, and the Lieutenant of the Police, who had committed the unhappy man, was to be his judge.—D'Anglade appealed, and attempted to institute a suit against him, and make him a party, in order to prevent his being competent to give judgment; but this attempt failed, and served only to add personal animosity to the prejudice this officer had before taken against d'Anglade.—Witnesses were examined, but, far from their being heard with impartiality, their evidence was twisted to the purpose of those, who desired to prove guilty the man they were determined to believe so. The almoner, Francis Gagnard, who was the really guilty person, was among those whose evidence was now admitted against d'Anglade: and this wretch had effrontery enough to conceal the emotions of his soul, and to perform a mass, which the Count ordered to be said at St. Esprit, for the discovery of the culprits.

The Lieutenant of the Police, elated with his triumph over the miserable prisoner, pushed on the prosecution with all the avidity which malice and revenge could inspire in a vindictive spirit.

In

In spite, however, of all he could do, the proofs were insufficient; therefore he determined to have him put to the torture, in hopes of bringing him to confess the crime; d'Anglade appealed, but the parliament confirmed the order, and the poor man underwent the question ordinary and extraordinary; when, notwithstanding his acute sufferings, he continued firmly to protest his innocence, till, covered with wounds, his limbs dislocated, and his mind enduring yet more than his body, he was carried back to his dungeon. Disgrace and ruin overwhelmed him, his fortune and effects were sold for less than a tenth of their value, as it is always the case where law presses with its iron hand, his character was blasted, his health was ruined. Not naturally robust, and always accustomed, not only to the comforts, but the elegances of life, a long confinement in a noisome and unwholesome dungeon had reduced him to the lowest state of weakness. In such a situation he was dragged forth to torture, and then plunged again into the damp and dark cavern from whence he came, without food, medicine, or assistance of any kind, though it is usual for those who suffer the torture to have medical help and refreshment after it. This excess of severity could be imputed only to the malignant influence of the officer of justice, in whose power he now was.

From the same influence it happened, that the Sieur d'Anglade, amidst the most dreadful pains, had steadily protested his innocence—and though the evidence against him was extremely defective, sentence was given to this effect:—That d'Anglade should be condemned to serve in the galleys for nine years; that his wife should for the like term be banished from Paris, and its jurisdiction; that they should pay three thousand livres reparation to the Count de Montgomery as damages, and make restitution of twenty-five thousand six hundred and seventy-three livres, and either return the pearl necklace, or pay four thousand livres more.

From this sum the five thousand seven hundred and eighty livres, found in the sacks in the servants' room, were to be deducted, together with the seventy louis d'ors found in the box, of which the officer of justice had taken possession, and also a double Spanish pistole, and seventeen louis d'ors, found on the person of d'Anglade, which was his own money.

Severe as this sentence was, and founded on slight presumption, it was put immediately into execution. D'Anglade, whose constitution was already sinking under the heavy pressure of his

misfortunes, whose limbs were contracted by the dampness of his prison, and who had undergone the most excruciating tortures, was sent to the tower of Montgomery, there to remain, without assistance or consolation, till the convicts condemned to the galleys were ready to go. He was then chained with them; a situation how dreadful! for a gentleman, whose sensibility of mind was extreme, and who had never suffered the least hardship or difficulty till then; when he was plunged at once into the lowest abyss of misery, chained among felons, and condemned to the most hopeless confinement and the severest labour, without any support, but what he could procure from the pity of those who saw him; for of his own he had now nothing! Yet, dreadful as these evils were, he supported them with patient firmness, which nothing but conscious innocence could have produced. Reduced to the extreme of human wretchedness, he felt not for himself; but when he reflected on the situation of his wife, and infant daughter, his fortitude forsook him. A fever had, from his first confinement, preyed on his frame; its progress grew more rapid, and he felt his death inevitable.—When the galley slaves being collected to depart, he besought leave to see his wife, and to give his last blessing to his child—

but

but it was denied him!—He submitted, and prepared to go; but being too weak to stand, he was put into a waggon, whence he was lifted off at night, when they stopped, and laid on straw, in a barn or out-house, and the next morning carried again between two men to the waggon to continue his journey. In this manner, and believing every hour would be his last, the unhappy man arrived at Marseilles.

It was asserted, but for the honour of human nature should not be believed, that the Count de Montgomery pressed his departure, notwithstanding the deplorable condition he was in, and even waited on the road to see him pass, and enjoy the horrid spectacle of his sufferings. The unhappy wife of this injured man had not been treated with more humanity. She had been dragged to prison, separate from that of her husband, and confined in a dungeon. She was with child, and the terror she had undergone occasioned her to miscarry.—Long fainting fits succeeded; and she had no help but that of her little girl, who, young as she was, endeavoured to recall her dying mother by bathing her temples, and by making her smell to bread dipped in wine. But as she believed that every fainting fit would be her last, she implored the

jailor to allow her a confessor: after much delay he sent one; and by his means the poor woman received succour and sustenance: but while she slowly gathered strength her little girl grew ill. The noisome damps, the want of proper food, and of fresh air, overcame the tender frame of the poor child; and then it was that the distraction and despair of the mother was at its height. In the middle of a rigorous winter, they were in a cavern, where no air could enter, and where the damps only lined the walls; a little charcoal, in an earthen pot, was all the fire they had, and the smoke was so offensive and dangerous, that it increased rather than diminished their sufferings. In this dismal place the mother saw her child sinking under a disease for which she had no remedies. Cold sweats accompanied it, and she had neither clean linen for her, or fire to warm her; and as even her food depended on charity, and they were not allowed to see any body, they had no relief but what the priest from time to time procured them. At length, and as a great favour, they were removed to a place less damp, to which there was a little window; but the window was stopped, and the fumes of the charcoal were as noxious here as in the cavern they had left. Here they remained, however, (Providence

vidence having prolonged their lives) for four or five months.

Monsieur d'Anglade, not being in a condition to be chained to the oar, was sent to the hospital of the convicts, at Marseilles; his disease still preyed on the poor remains of a ruined constitution, but his sufferings were lengthened out beyond what his weaknesses seemed to promise. It was near four months after his arrival at Marseilles, that being totally exhausted, he felt his last moments approach, and desired to receive the sacraments.—Before they were administered to him, he solemnly declared, as he hoped to be received into the presence of the Searcher of Hearts, that he was innocent of the crime laid to his charge; that he forgave his inexorable prosecutor, and his partial judge, and felt no other regret in quitting the world, than that of leaving his wife and his child exposed to the miseries of poverty, and the disgrace of his imputed crime; but he trusted his vindication to God, who had, he said, lent him fortitude to endure the sufferings he had not deserved: and then after having received the Eucharist with piety and composure, he expired; a martyr to unjust suspicion, and hasty or malicious judgment.

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He had been dead only a few weeks, when several persons who had known him, received anonymous letters.—The letters signified that the person who wrote them, was on the point of hiding himself in a convent for the rest of his life; but before he did so, his conscience obliged him to inform whom it might concern, that the Sieur d'Anglade was innocent of the robbery committed in the apartments of the Count de Montgomery; that the perpetrators were one Vincent Belestre, the son of a tanner at Mans, and a priest named Gagnard, a native also of Mans, who had been the Count's almoner.—The letters added, that a woman of the name of De la Comble could give light into the whole affair.

One of these letters was sent to the Countess de Montgomery, who however had not generosity enough to shew it; but the Sieur Loysillon, and some others, who had received at the same time the same kind of letters, determined to enquire into the affair; while the friends of the Count de Montgomery, who began to apprehend that he would be disagreeably situated if his prosecution of d'Anglade should be found unjust, pretended to discover that these letters were dictated by Madame d'Anglade,

who

who hoped by that artifice to deliver her husband's memory from the odium that rested on it, and herself and her child from the dungeon in which they were still confined.

An enquiry was set on foot after Belestre and Gagnard, who had some time before quitted the Count's service. It was found that Belestre was a consummate villain, who had, in the early part of his life been engaged in an assassination, for which he was obliged to fly from his native place; that he had been a soldier, had killed his serjeant in a quarrel, and deserted; then returning to his native country, had been a wandering vagabond, going by different names, and practising every species of roguery;—that he had sometimes been a beggar, and sometimes a bully, about the streets of Paris, but always much acquainted and connected with Gagnard, his countryman; and that suddenly, from the lowest indigence, he had appeared to be in affluence; he had bought himself rich cloaths, had shewn various sums of money, and had purchased an estate near Mans, for which he had paid between nine and ten thousand livres.

Gagnard, who was the son of the jailor at Mans, had come to Paris without either cloaths

or

or money, and had subsisted on charity, or by saying masses at St. Esprit, by which he hardly gained enough to keep him alive, when the Count de Montgomery took him. It was impossible what he got in his service, as wages, could enrich him, yet, immediately after quitting it, he was seen cloathed neatly in his clerical habit; his expences for his entertainment were excessive; he had plenty of money in his pocket; and had taken a woman out of the street, whom he had established in handsome lodgings, and cloathed with the greatest profusion of finery. These observations alone, had they been made in time, were sufficient to have opened the way to a discovery which might have saved the life, and redeemed the honour of the unfortunate d'Anglade. Late as it was, justice was now ready to overtake them, and the hand of Providence itself seemed to assist. Gagnard being in a tavern, in the street St. Andre des Ares, was present at a quarrel wherein a man was killed, he was sent to prison, with the rest of the people in the house; and about the same time, a man who had been robbed and cheated by Belestre, near three years before, met him, watched him to his lodgings, and put him into the hands of the Marechaussee. These two wretches being thus in the hands of justice for other crimes, underwent

went an examination relative to the robbery of the Count de Montgomery; they betrayed themselves by inconsistent answers. Their accomplices were apprehended, and the whole affair appeared so clear, that it was only astonishing how the criminals could ever have been mistaken. The guardians of Constantia Guillemot, the daughter of d'Anglade, now desired to be admitted parties in the suit, on behalf of their ward; that the guilt of Belastre and Gagnard might be proved, and the memory of Monsieur d'Anglade, and the character of his widow justified; as well as that she might, by fixing the guilt on those who were really culpable, obtain restitution of her father's effects, and amends from the Count de Montgomery. She became, through her guardians, prosecutrix of the two villains; the principal witness against whom was a man called the Abbe de Fontpierre, who had belonged to the association of thieves of which Belastre was a member. This man said that he had written the anonymous letters which had led to the discovery: for that after the death of d'Anglade, his conscience reproached him with being privy to so enormous a crime. He swore that Belastre had obtained from Gagnard the impression of the Count's keys in wax, by which means he had others made that opened the locks. He said,

 that

that soon after the condemnation of d'Anglade to the galleys, he was in a room adjoining to one where Belastre and Gagnard were drinking and feasting; that he heard the former say to the latter, "Come, my friend, let us drink and enjoy ourselves while this fine fellow the Marquis d'Anglade is at the galleys."—To which Gagnard replied with a sigh, "Poor man, I cannot help being sorry for him; he was a good kind of a man, and always very civil and obliging to me." Belastre then exclaimed with a laugh, "Sorry! what sorry for a man who has secured us from suspicion, and made our fortune?"—Much other discourse of the same kind he repeated. And De la Comble deposed that Belsatre had shewn her great sums of money, and a beautiful pearl necklace; and when she asked him where he got all this? he answered that he had won it at play. These and many other circumstances related by this woman, confirmed his guilt beyond all doubt. In his pocket were found a Gazette of Holland, in which he had (it was supposed) caused to be inserted, that the men who had been guilty of the robbery, for which the Sieur d'Anglade had been condemned, were executed for some other crime at Orleans, hoping by this means to stop any farther enquiry. A letter was also found on him from

Gagnard,

Gagnard, which advised him of the rumours which were spread from the anonymous letters; and desiring him to find some means to quiet or get rid of the Abbe Fontpierre.

The proof of the criminality of these two men being fully established, they were condemned to death; and, being previously made to undergo the question ordinary and extraordinary, they confessed, Gagnard upon the rack, and Belastre at the place of execution, that they had committed the robbery. Gagnard declared, that if the Lieutenant of the Police had pressed him with questions the day d'Anglade and his wife were taken up, he was in such confusion, he should have confessed all.

These infamous men having suffered the punishment of their crime, Constantia Guillemot d'Anglade continued to prosecute the suit against the Count de Montgomery, for the unjust accusation he had made; who endeavoured by the chicane his fortune gave him the power to command to evade the restitution: at length, after a very long process, the Court decided—"That the Count de Montgomery should restore to the widow and daughter of d'Anglade, the sum which their effects, and all the property that was seized, had produced—that he should farther pay them a certain sum, as amends for

the damages and injuries they had sustained—and that their condemnation should be erased, and their honours restored; which, though it was all the reparation that could now be made them, could not bind up the incurable wounds they had suffered in this unjust and cruel prosecution."

Mademoiselle d'Anglade, whose destiny excited universal commiseration, was taken into the protection of some generous persons about the Court, who raised for her a subscription, which at length amounted to an hundred thousand livres; which together with the restitution of her father's effects, made a handsome provision for her: and she was married to Monsieur des Essarts, a Counsellor of Parliament.

## *HEROIC FRIENDSHIP.*

### A MORAL TALE.

WE now and then, even in these degenerate days, meet with male and female friendships which could not be excelled by the most exalted ones which we read of in the heroic ages. Such friendships, indeed, are not common; but they are sufficient to make us give credit

credit to the ancient historians, (and poets too, though professed dealers in fiction) for the striking and captivating pictures they have drawn of the most affectionate attachments between two persons of the same sex. Such attachments are to be found in modern times, and whenever they are found, they make human nature appear in the most amiable light.

Prompted by a strong desire to distinguish himself by military atchievements, Monsieur Brisac, a sprightly young fellow, threw himself into the army, though possessed of a very handsome paternal estate. Not into the service of his own monarch, however, did he enter as a soldier, as he happened at that time to have no employment for his heroism; he went to fight under a foreign standard; and under that standard he fought with redoubled ardour, as religion and honour combined to push him on to the performance of valorous exploits: he was a Christian, and he drew his sword against the Turks. By the exertion of his courage he proved himself a brave man; but having been nursed in the lap of superstition, his exultations on every advantage gained over his turbaned adversaries, did not mark him for a good one. However, as his triumphs were only the triumphs of a weak, and not a wicked mind,

they

they were venial; and the gallant behaviour of the intrepid warrior, sufficiently apologized for the uncharitable effusions of the rigid religionist. He had certainly, with all his failings, many virtues: as a relation, as a friend, as a master, he shone. In the character of a friend, indeed, he appeared with a particular lustre.

Brisac, soon after his entrance into the Russian service, was pleased to find a young countryman of his in the same corps. With him, as he seemed to be of the same disposition, as well as age, he soon contracted an acquaintance, and in consequence of the similitude between their years, and ways of thinking, they were linked closer and closer to each other by the ties of friendship: they were in a short time taken notice of by their mutual attachment, and by all who had ever felt the pleasures arising from a reciprocal regard, highly esteemed.

The young officer, in whose favour Brisac felt such strong prepossessions, on his first becoming acquainted with him, and who improved upon him every hour, was Monsieur Dumonton, a gentleman of a very good family, and extremely well connected.

Dumonton had been in several engagements before Brisac's arrival, and had always acquitted himself

himself much to the satisfaction of his commander, both by his courage and his conduct.

Dumonton, though he received great pleasure from his increasing connection with his friend, could not help appearing now and then exceedingly dejected. Brisac, feeling himself too deeply interested in his dejection to see it unconcerned, intreated him one day (after having several times denied himself the indulgence of his curiosity, to avoid the imputation of impertinence) to inform him of the cause: his intreaty produced an immediate compliance, and his friend opened his heart to him in the following manner.

"I am not in the least surprised, my dear Brisac, at your curiosity, with regard to the dejection with which you see me oppressed: I will hasten to gratify it. Know then that my dejection chiefly results from the ill success I have met with since my appearing in a military character.

"How!" cried Brisac, interrupting him: "ill success! have you not been fortunate in all your manœuvres, and gained a considerable deal of glory."

"Tis true my dear friend, my little efforts have raised my reputation here, but as I never marched against the enemy without wishing to fall

fall in battle, I have been I think, particularly unfortunate in escaping that death which I courted. You look full of wonder to hear me talk in this strain; but your wonder will, perhaps, be accompanied with pity, before I have finished my narrative. It was a severe disappointment in love which occasioned my entering into this way of life; a disappointment not arising from the behaviour of the amiable girl with whom I was desperately enamoured: she returned my passion with all the fervor I could desire: but from the cruel behaviour of an inexorable father, who, in order to prevent our union, moved off suddenly with her one night, and they have not been heard of since by any of their friends in the place where I first knew them. Poor Louisa! but it is to no purpose to complain! existence became a burthen to me, yet I shuddered at the idea of suicide. In hopes of being snatched from a world in which all my happiness was at an end, I earnestly requested an uncle, who was also my guardian, to let me enter into the Russian service, a service which I chose entirely because it promised to be an active one. Active, indeed, I have been, since my arrival in this country; but the supreme wish of my heart is not yet accomplished: I live."

"Long may you live, my dear friend," said Brisac,

Brisac, really concerned at his eagerness to be slain, " and ——

Here he was hindered from proceeding by the arrival of a messenger, who informed the two friends that the General desired to see them both immediately in his tent.

To that tent they repaired without delay, and in consequence of their interview with the General, they were entrusted with commissions which would have been every way agreeable to them, had they not required a separation. They readily, however, undertook the business pointed out to them, and after having taken leave of each other in the most affectionate manner, in language too nearly similar to that in the parting scene between Brutus and Cassius, in Shakespear's Julius Cæsar, they set out upon their respective expeditions.

The two friends were equally brave; but Dumonton being thoroughly weary of his life, often exposed his person with an impetuosity bordering upon rashness. In every engagement with the enemy, he fought with a furor not to be described, without receiving the decisive blow: he still lived.

While his friend was performing the most heroic exploits on the spot to which he was dispatched, Brisac discovered as much prowess on

his side. Upon his taking possession of a town, which, though small, was a town of importance by its situation, he had a singular opportunity to shew his humanity as well as his gallantry. It was midnight when his men were completely victorious over their opponents, and they were so intoxicated with their success, having met with an obstinate resistance, that they were, in spite of all their commander's severe prohibitions, guilty of the most wanton intemperance. Brisac, not being able to check their lawless career, was obliged to let them give an unlimited indulgence to all the passions which the different scenes before them excited; but he thought himself particularly happy in rescuing a lovely female from the rough embraces of one of his own soldiers.

The lady whom Brisac delivered from the hands of her ravisher, was in a Turkish dress; but she proved to be a French lady, and on a nearer view, she appeared doubly beautiful: her beauty charmed his eye, her distressed appearance melted his soul. As soon as he had conveyed her safely to the house which he had chosen for his temporary residence, he begged to be acquainted with her story.

His curiosity was sufficiently gratified by her compliance with his request, but her narrative

gave

gave him, upon the whole, more disquietude than delight, as he found that she was the long-lost mistress of his much-loved friend.

In a few days afterwards he received the news of his friend's death.

This intelligence at first shocked him extremely; but when he began to consider that Louisa, though sincerely affected by it, might be prevailed on to substitute him in her deceased lover's room, he gradually consoled himself, and determined to take every method in his power to supply Dumonton's place in her gentle heart.

Unwearied were his endeavours to make her listen to his addresses; but though they were unsuccessful, she had no reason to believe them dishonourable: she was indeed highly flattered by them. She thought him, in every shape, deserving of her esteem, (to her gratitude he was incontestibly entitled) yet she could not look upon him with the eyes of love. Dumonton had first won her affections, and she felt no tender prepossessions in favour of any other man.

Brisac, having executed the commission with which he had been entrusted, very much to his General's satisfaction, returned to the main army, more and more pleased with the conver-

sation of his fair companion; but with small hopes of inspiring her breast with feelings similar to those in his. Soon after he had joined it, he received a letter from France, which rendered his appearance there absolutely necessary, as the person whom he had left to superintend his affairs during his absence, had greatly abused the confidence reposed in him. He was not at all willing to quit the paths leading to military glory, in which he had so brilliantly distinguished himself; but fond as he was of that glory, he did not by any means chuse to have his paternal estate treacherously wrested from him; he, therefore, having easily procured his dismission, set out for his native country, accompanied by the amiable Louisa.

By his unexpected arrival, he considerably disconcerted his perfidious agent: by his immediate procedures, equally spirited and prudent, he defeated all his infamous machinations, and saw him punished in the manner he deserved for his iniquitous actions.

When Brisac had turned his affairs into their proper channel again, he renewed his assiduities to Louisa, but still remained in a hopeless situation. The impression which her first lover had made upon her tender heart was too deep to be erased by the most vigorous efforts of a second. She was inflexible.

Louisa, though she could not love Brisac, felt the truest regard for him. She felt herself under indelible obligations to him, as her deliverer, her protector, and even sighed sometimes because she could not reward him for his most generous behaviour to her in the way he wished. Impatience and anxiety preyed upon his spirits, and injured his health. She beheld the change in his person occasioned by her inflexibility, with a real concern, and strove, by a thousand little soothing arts, to restore him to his usual appearance, but all her little arts were ineffectual; he drooped, and by his increasing dejection, made her apprehensive of his falling into an immoveable melancholy.—Agitated by such an apprehension, she pressed him perpetually to go to public places, and to amuse his mind by a succession of new objects. Ever ready to close with all her friendly and well-meant proposals, he attended her to crouded scenes, yet without gaining any relief from the remedies recommended to him.—Instead of being diverted by the various entertainments which Paris afforded, he was a frigid spectator of them; and the most comic piece had no power to exhilerate his countenance.

While he was walking home slowly one evening, from the opera, (he lived at a small distance

tance from the Opera-House) with Louisa, after having been more pleased than he had been for some time, as there were several pathetic passages in the composition which coincided with his own feelings, two men, disguised, suddenly separated him from his companion, and then attempted to force her away from him: they were obliged, however, to retire without her, and one of them with a wound in his side from Brisac's active sword.

Louisa was exceedingly terrified at being rudely torn from the side of her generous benefactor; she was not much less so when she found herself again in his protecting arms; she could hardly believe him, when he assured her that he was not in the least hurt, as she saw blood upon his linen and cloaths: she was not quite at ease about his safety, till she, at home, by a more accurate employment of her eyes, was convinced that he had not been wounded in her defence.

The next morning, when Brisac went to the coffee-house which he frequented, he heard the whole room engaged in a conversation about the rencountre of the preceding evening. Finding that nobody there suspected him of having been an actor in it, he listened with great avidity, and was informed by the first person of whom

he

he enquired after particulars, that the wounded assailant proved to be a French officer, in the Russian service, just arrived from Constantinople, having been taken prisoner by the Turks, in one of their most capital battles.

This intelligence raised his attention still more, and he immediately asked his informer if he knew the officer's name. His name he could not learn, but he was directed to his apartments. To them he went, without delay, impelled by some flattering hopes of seeing again the very man of whose death he had received an account several months before, as he had dreamt often of his being alive, and was superstitious enough to be influenced by the visions of the night.

As soon as he entered the apartment to which he was introduced, he beheld Dumonton sitting in a chair, attended by several gentlemen. He started, and, for a moment, stood rooted to the floor in astonishment. Then springing forwards, he fell on his knees before him, and in that attitude, while he expressed the joy he felt at seeing him again, he declared also in the most forcible terms, the anguish he endured on having been provoked to draw his sword against the man whose life was as dear to him as his own.

Dumonton, prompted by the strong feelings

of

of friendship, stirring at that instant in his generous bosom, attempted to get up, but the pain occasioned by the wound in his side would not permit him to quit his seat. He, therefore, leaning forward a little, intreated his friend to rise, and to make himself quite easy with regard to the wound he had given him.

"I was entirely to blame, my dear Brisac," continued he. "Flushed with the wine I had drank, I was stimulated by one of my companions, in consequence of a considerable wager, to sally forth, masked, with him, and to carry off in triumph the first woman we met with in our walks. I am now heartily ashamed of my folly, I heartily repent of it, and will take care never to set out again upon so mad an adventure."

"You attempted then to carry off my companion, without knowing who she was?" said Brisac.

"I certainly did."

"Had you known her, you would have acted in a different manner, I imagine. Should you not be surprised to hear that the woman whom you forced from my arms last night, was your Louisa?"

"Louisa!" exclaimed he, "Louisa! Is it possible?" added he, falling back in his chair. Soon recovering himself, "do you not deceive me?" said he.

" I do not indeed."

The rest of the dialogue between the two friends, it may be supposed, was highly interesting. Brisac concluded it in the following manner: " Louisa is the most amiable of her sex. Various were the misfortunes which she met with, according to her own distressful narrative, before she fell into my hands: I have done every thing in my power to render her new situation agreeable to her, and shall with the greatest pleasure put her under your protection. I have been a father to her, a guardian, and a friend."

With the last word he would not add lover, because he would not give his friend any pain by seeming to do a violence to his inclination in the surrender of Louisa; he took his leave, assuring him that he should soon be completely blessed in the possession of her, whose gentle heart throbbed only for him.

Brisac, on his return home, acquainted Louisa with the important discovery he had made; but though he communicated his unexpected, his extraordinary intelligence, with the greatest address, it affected her spirits so much that she fainted in his arms.

Her recovery was attended with the happiest consequences; but she was almost ready to sink under the weight of her gratitude, when her

amiable deliverer, whom she could not love, presented her a very handsome fortune on the day of her marriage with his friend.

## *ANECDOTE*

OF

## LORD CHANCELLOR NORTHINGTON AND A QUAKER.

WHILE the late Lord Chancellor Northington continued at the Bar, he went the Western Circuit; and being of lively parts, and a warm temper, he was like some other lawyers, too apt to take indecent liberties in examining witnesses. An extraordinary instance of this kind happened at Bristol. In a cause of some consequence, Mr. Reeve, a considerable merchant, and one of the people called Quakers, was cross-examined by him with much raillery and ridicule. Mr. Reeve complained of it at the time, and when the Court had adjourned, and the lawyers were altogether at the White-Lion, Mr. Reeve sent one of the waiters to let Mr. Henley know, that a gentleman wanted to speak to him in a room adjoining. As soon as Mr. Henley

Henley had entered the room, Mr. Reeve locked the door, and put the key into his pocket. 'Friend Henley,' said he, 'I cannot call thee; for thou hast used me most scurrilously. Thou mightest think, perhaps, that a Quaker might be insulted with impunity; but I am a man of spirit, and am come to demand satisfaction. Here are two swords; here are two pistols: choose thy weapons, or fight me at fist-cuffs if thou hadst rather; for fight me thou shalt before thou leavest the room, or beg my pardon.' Mr. Henley pleaded in excuse, "that it was nothing more than the usual language of the Bar, that what was said in Court should not be questioned out of Court: lawyers sometimes advanced things to serve their client, perhaps beyond the truth; but such speeches died in speaking: he was so far from intending any insult or injury, that he had really forgotten what he had said, and hoped the other would not remember it: upon his word and honour he never meant to give the least offence; but if, undesignedly, he had offended him, he was sorry for it, and was ready to beg his pardon, which was a gentleman's satisfaction." 'Well,' said Mr. Reeve, as the affront was public, the reparation must be so too. If thou wilt not fight, but beg my pardon, thou must beg my pardon before the company in the next room.'

Mr. Henley, after some difficulty and some delay, submitted to the condition; and thus the fray ended.

No farther notice was taken on either side, till, after some years, the Lord Chancellor wrote a letter to Mr. Reeve, informing him that such a ship was coming into the port of Bristol, with a couple of pipes of madeira on board, consigned to him. He therefore begged Mr. Reeve to pay the freight and duty, and cause the casks to be put into a waggon, and sent to the Grange; and he would take the first opportunity of defraying all charges, and should think himself infinitely obliged to him.

All this was done as desired; and the winter following, when Mr. Reeve was in town, he dined at the Chancellor's, with several of the nobility and gentry. After dinner, the Chancellor related the whole story of his first acquaintance with his friend Reeve, and of every particular that had passed between them, with great good-humour and pleasantry, and to the no small diversion of the company.

ON

## *HUMAN LIFE.*

ONE eve as by myself alone,
In melancholy mood,
I musing sate of life below,
And ev'ry mutual good.

In infancy, thought I, we're pleas'd
With ev'ry trifling toy;
And things as small, which come across,
As soon damp all our joy.

The froward youth thinks he'd be blest,
If he could 'scape from school;
But little dreams of woes to come,
When he himself doth rule.

But when arriv'd at man's estate,
He cannot flee from sorrow;
Still hope suggests (though not to day)
He shall be blest to-morrow.

The miser's happiness is all
In heaps of gold enshrin'd;
But wrinkled care, and pallid fear,
Destroy his peace of mind.

The soldier seeks thro' war and toils,
To gain a deathless name;

But

But finds, too late, that heart-felt joy,
Is not dispens'd by fame.

The drunkard fancies ev'ry good,
And ev'ry joy in drinking;
To him the greatest punishment,
Is soberness and thinking.

The wild and thoughtless libertine,
Tho' he is ever changing,
Still finds variety will cloy,
And he's fatigu'd with ranging.

'Tis pleasure then with ev'ry one
By diff'rent paths pursue,
But yet, alas! how few they are
Who find the bliss that's true.

Would you be happy? then on heav'n
Let all your hopes depend;
And be assur'd the gracious pow'r
Will ev'ry blessing send.

Is calm content the thing you seek?
Be not to vice inclin'd;
But cultivate fair piety,
And purity of mind.

The virtuous man can bear, unmov'd,
The storms of adverse fate;
He knows that happiness does not
On human beings wait.

That perfect bliss is not bestow'd
On any here below;
Therefore to heav'n his wishes point,
Far from the reach of woe.

## ANECDOTE.

A Person, remarkable for riding a fine horse in a nobleman's land, excited his lordship to enquire who he was; when being informed he was a miller, and rented a mill of his lordship, desired his steward to raise his rent, urging, if he could afford to ride such a horse, he must have a good bargain of the mill. The miller, however, rode as usual; when the nobleman enquired of his steward if he had obeyed his orders; on being answered in the affirmative, he told him to double his rent.—Still the miller hunted. When some accidental circumstance brought the parties in conversation, his lordship mentioned, that he was informed, that he rented a mill of him, and believed that his steward had raised his rent twice lately. "Yes, and please your lordship, pretty handsomely." "Well, and can you afford to pay so much?" "O yes, my Lord, it makes no odds to me, it is your tenants

tenants pay for it." "How so!" "Why, when your steward first raised my rent, I took a little more toll from them, and when he doubled it, I did the same." "O, if that's the case, answer'd his lordship, pray take the mill at the old rent."

## ANECDOTE
### OF
## *DEAN SWIFT.*

MR. Sheridan relates a remarkable incident, occasioned by Wood's halfpence, which he says was communicated to him by Mr. Hoffsleger, a native of Germany, then a resident merchant of some eminence in Dublin, who was present when it happened. The day after the proclamation was issued out against the author (Dean Swift) of the Drapier's Fourth Letter, there was a full levee at the castle.—The Lord Lieutenant was going round the circle, when Swift abruptly entered the chamber, and pushing his way through the croud, never stopped till he got within the circle; where, with marks of the highest indignation in his countenance, he addressed the Lord Lieutenant with the

the voice of a Stentor, that re-echoed through the room, "So, my Lord Lieutenant, this is a glorious exploit that you performed yesterday, in issuing a proclamation against a poor shopkeeper, whose only crime is an honest endeavour to save his country from ruin. You have given a noble specimen of what this devoted nation is to hope for, from your government.—I suppose you expect a statue of copper will be erected to you, for this service done to Wood." He then went on, for a long time, inveighing in the bitterest terms against the patent, and displaying, in the strongest colours all the fatal consequences of introducing that execrable coin. The whole assembly were struck mute with wonder, at this unprecedented scene. The titled slaves, and vassals of power, felt, and shrunk into their own littleness, in the presence of this man of virtue. He stood super-eminent among them, like his own Gulliver amid a circle of Lilliputians. For some time a profound silence ensued: when Lord Cartaret, who had listened with great composure to the whole speech, made this fine reply, in a line of Virgil's:

'*Res duræ, & regni novitas me talia cogunt*
'*Moliri.*'

'Hard fortune, and the newness of my reign,
'compel me to such measures.'

The whole assembly was struck with the beauty of this quotation, and the levee broke up in good humour, some extolling the magnanimity of Swift to the skies, and all delighted with the ingenuity of the Lord Lieutenant's answer.

## AN ESSAY

ON

## THE PASSIONS.

TWO or three days ago I dined at a village a few miles from London, and in the evening walked to town with a gentleman, between whom and myself a strong friendship has subsisted ever since we went to school together; and, I doubt not will subsist through life, as we are exactly of the same turn of mind. The evening was fine, and the agreeable conversation related to the use and abuse of the passions.—When I sat down in my study, what had passed between my friend and me, suggested the following reflections.

The various passions implanted in the human mind, were given for the greatest and most exalted purposes, by the great Creator, whose sole

sole aim in forming man, and giving him these passions, was to render him happy, wise, and good. The passions, when properly used, lead us to every good and laudable action; they excite us to excel others in virtue, and make us emulous to surpass the rest of our fellow-creatures: when abused, they ruin our constitution, impair our health and intellects, and from being the most noble of nature's works, degrade and render us inferior to the brute creation.

It is evident, therefore, that what was intended for our use and advantage, is often prevented and abused, even by the best and most virtuous men; for all have abused them in some measure. Since this is the case, it is the duty of every man to govern and restrain his passions with the utmost care and diligence, to keep them under as tight a rein as possible, which he will find no easy task. For the passions may be well compared to a wild and fiery steed, which, if not restrained, will fly to the top of a precipice, and plunge the horseman into destruction; but if kept under by a skilful rider, will carry him to the wished for goal in safety.—Thus the passions, when unskilfully guided, lead a man into the paths of misery and ruin; but when directed by reason and virtue, carry him safely through the rocks and shallows of a trou-

blesome life, and bear him to the eternal haven, crowned with peace, honour, and happiness.

It may be said, since it is so difficult a task to restrain and govern our passions, it would be better for us, if they had never been planted in our breasts: but it is far otherwise; for the passions are the greatest blessings of life, and though they act so different upon different men, yet without them our lives would be mere blanks, as we should never be impelled to perform any good or virtuous action. We have instances of very opposite passions actuating the same men by turns; but if we could govern our own passions, the whole world, and every thing in it, would move calmly and uniformly before our eyes.

The best way to govern them is, by following the dictates of reason and virtue, calling to our aid perseverance and fortitude. Reason, when we apply to her, will point out the way to the temple of virtue, who will open her arms wide to receive us; when we once begin our journey, fortitude and resolution will kindly grant their assistance, if we solicit it, and are desirous of accepting it. We often display great constancy in order to compass trifling pleasures, and insignificant pursuits; why can we not then exert the same resolution to attain what will conduce

to

to our comfort, ease, and happiness here; and will enable us to quit this bustling stage with heart-felt satisfaction?

I can assure you these are not the sentiments of an enthusiast, but one who would wish to be serviceable to his fellow-creatures.

## ANECDOTES

OF

## *FREDERICK THE GREAT.*

THE Commissioners of Excise had condemned a common soldier to pay a fine of ten thousand crowns for smuggling, and this sentence, according to the usual mode of procedure, having been laid before the King, his Majesty wrote in the margin—"Before I confirm this sentence, I wish to know how it will be possible to make a common soldier pay ten thousand crowns!!"

Soon after another soldier of the Roman Catholic persuasion, was accused and condemned for robbing an image of the *Virgin Mary* of some of its costly decorations.—The poor soldier uniformly maintained, that the Virgin, in consideration

deration of his poverty and devotion, had made him a present of the articles in question; and this defence was delivered into the King with his sentence. His Majesty immediately summoned the principal professors of that religion, and asked them if the allegations of the poor soldier was possible. They returned for answer, that it was certainly very unusual, but not impossible. On this Frederick pronounced that as the chiefs of his religion had considered his plea as possible, he should reverse his sentence of condemnation for this time; but he cautioned him against accepting presents in future from the *Virgin Mary*, or any other virgin, in that clandestine manner.

## ANECDOTE

OF

## *KING WILLIAM.*

HONOUR is so essential to a man of quality, that by our constitution, no stronger averment is required of him, than *upon his honour*. But who would trust the *honour* of a man, who has basely forfeited the reputation of his

his integrity, and confidence, by receiving a bribe?

King William having insisted on Lord H—— giving him his *honour* not to fight a man who had given him *a box on the ear*, his Lordship was obliged seemingly to comply; but as soon as he was out of the King's presence, he fought the man. The King was, at first, highly incensed at his breaking his word with him, and asked him, "How he came to do so, when he had just given him his *honour?*"

"Sire," replied my Lord, "you was in the wrong to take such a pledge, for at the time I gave it you, I had no *honour* to give."

## ANECDOTE OF DR. FRANKLIN

AND A

## CERTAIN NOBLE LORD.

WHEN Doctor Franklin and a certain noble Lord were playing the supposed *political* game of chess, which made so much noise, in a letter from Cato to Catiline, and was re-echoed by his Lordship within the walls of St. Stephen's chapel, his Lordship moved

*king*

*king guarded*—" Why then, said the Doctor, *check.*"—" No, said his Lordship, you must first *electrify* the whole Congress, and all Washington's army, to make good that move."

## REPARTEE OF JOHN W——S.

UPON the death of this Gentleman's mother, a particular friend of his congratulated him upon the bequest made him in that lady's will, and concluded, that " Johnny might now think himself quite snug." " Not at all, replied W—, for since I endeavoured to hum the French taylor's widow, there is not another in all Europe who will trust me with a suit of mourning to laugh in my sleeve."

## *FALSE PRIDE:*

OR

## THE HISTORY OF HARRIOT WHITTON.

A MORAL TALE.

MRS. Whitton having been accustomed to live in a genteel style during her husband's

band's life, who had a good place under government, but who was of too extravagant a turn to lay up any thing for his family out of the emoluments arising from it, found herself in very strait circumstances at his death, having only the interest upon a few thousands in the funds for her own and her daughter's subsistence. Being too proud, however, to lessen her appearance in the world, she made numberless contemptible shifts at home in order to keep up her consequences abroad; and was even ridiculous enough to throw out pretty strong hints that she could live in a very different manner, if she did not think it more prudent to encrease her daughter's fortune. Harriot Whitton was extremely agreeable in her person, without being a perfect beauty, or having any thing remarkable enough to make a minute description of it necessary; and as she was a sensible girl, had been genteely educated, and had mixed a good deal in the polite world, her manners were sufficiently elegant for the first circle in the kingdom. Harriot, however having been early taught by her mother to have a high opinion of herself, and to make the most of the advantage which she had received from nature and from art, listened but too attentively, and adhered but too closely to the instructions almost

daily repeated to her, for she grew up so conceited and so proud that her behaviour generally repelled those whom her pleasing exterior attracted. If proud people would consider a little how very despicable they make themselves as well as disagreeable by the haughtiness of their behaviour, they would, I am willing to believe, take pains to acquire an affable carriage, which is so universally bewitching in the fair sex in particular, who fall under this censure. I would earnestly recommend the carriage of the highest lady in the nation, who is allowed by all to be as much distinguished for her affability as for her rank.

It is no easy matter to say whether the mother or the daughter had the greater share of pride; but of the two the former made herself rather a more ridiculous character by the airs of importance which she assumed, because though she was the widow of a gentleman by birth as well as by his employment, she was the daughter of a shopkeeper not far from the Royal Exchange, and discovered on almost every occasion the vulgarisms which she had contracted at a cheap and pleibian boarding school: vulgarisms by which she never would have recommended herself to Mr. Whitton; but the truth is, he was very young when he made his addresses to her, having

having fallen in love with her at a lord mayor's ball. He had only a small place in the office in which he afterwards rose by seniority, to a lucrative post, when he asked her father's consent to marry her; but as Mr. Minikin had vanity enough to be flattered with the addresses of a gentleman to his Kitty, he gave his consent very readily, and with it, a pretty fortune.—Mrs. Whitton, when she was removed from Cornhill to Whitehall, soon became a different creature, shook off all her city acquaintance, and could hardly bring herself to visit even her father while he lived. Such a sort of woman was Mrs. Whitton; and Harriot though in a more elegant style, was not less deserving of laughter and the scorn which her behaviour excited.

Mrs. Whitton and Harriot being one night in the front boxes, (they would not have appeared either in the pit or the gallery upon any account,) an agreeable young gentleman, but in a plain dress took his seat behind them.

Harriot, though she thought him a pleasing figure, and genteel in his carriage, was not struck at the sight of him, because his companion, by the richness of his cloaths, outshone him. However, as the plain dressed gentleman seemed extremely attentive to *her*, and the other was quite otherwise, she was naturally

induced to direct her eyes to him, whenever she turned about, and she contrived frequently to throw them upon a level with *his*.

When the play was over, Mrs. Whitton sat till few people remained in the house, and nobody in the box she was in but her daughter and the gentleman who had been so much struck with her. After having looked frequently towards the door, as if she waited for her servant, but really from being ashamed to leave her seat without the appearance of an attendant, the gentleman very politely asked her if she would permit him to wait on her to her carriage.—This question embarrassed her a little; however, she soon recovered herself, and told him that she and her daughter came in chairs.

" I will then, Madam, if you please, as your servant has disappointed you, supply his place."

Mrs. Whitton was too proud to undeceive him about the servant; but however, he insisted upon walking home with them, to their great mortification, as their lodgings were rather shabby. When they were set down, he was in hopes of introducing himself into the house, but as Mrs. Whitton only wished him a good night, with a ceremonious civility, he had nothing to do but to take his leave, which he did in the politest manner.

When

When Mrs. Whitton and Harriot were by themselves, they naturally talked of the behaviour of the gentleman who had accompanied their chairs.—" If he is really as much struck with you, Harriot," said Mrs. Whitton, " as I think he is, he will certainly contrive to make us a visit soon; and if he should prove to be a man of character and fortune, for notwithstanding the plainness of his dress, he has very much the air of a man of fashion, he will be worthy of your attention."

" If he is a man of fortune, Madam," replied Harriot, " he certainly will merit my attention, for I am quite sick of living in this puddling way; one may as well be out of the world as make no figure in it."

The sentiments of half the fair sex are, perhaps, contained in that speech.

" Well, my dear—I wish you success, and shall be very glad to live in another style myself."

In such kind of chat they passed the time till they retired to rest.

The gentleman who was so charmed with Miss Whitton, was a Mr. Bromley, the son of an eminent grocer in the Borough, and in partnership with his father. As he was walking home he felt somebody clap him on the shoulder, and turning round, saw an intimate acquaintance

quaintance of his, who had been also at the play, and at the same house.

"So, Bromley," said he, "you are thinking of Harriot Whitton, I suppose."

"Who is she?" replied Bromley.

"The girl who attracted your attention so much this evening in one of the front boxes at Covent-Garden. She is a fine creature, faith, and if you are disposed to marry without standing upon a fortune, for I know you are too sober a fellow to keep a girl, you may have a charming companion, *morning, noon, and night,* whenever you please; for Harriot seems to be as much taken with you as you are with her; and will be very ready to make rather more *flash* than she can at present afford to do."

Bromley, after having received some farther information concerning Mrs. Whitton and her daughter, determined to wait on them the next day.—He did so, and was immediately admitted.

After he had paid a few visits, having no reason to expect a refusal from the young lady, or to meet with the disapprobation of the old one, he made his proposals, which were accepted.—He then left them in order to give instructions to his lawyer.

Soon after his departure, a very high-bred girl, with whom Harriot was intimately acquainted,

quainted, one of her *dear friends,* but who had as small pretensions to high airs as herself, called upon her, and with a malicious satisfaction wished her joy on having made so capital a conquest.

Harriot's eyes glistened with pleasure, but she chose affectedly to conceal her joy, by saying "Shu! my dear!"

"Nay, my dear," added her *friend,* "Mr. Bromley is actually reckoned the prettiest fellow in the Borough."

"In the Borough!" said Harriot, staring, full of astonishment.

"Ay, child; and when his father dies he will, perhaps, be the richest grocer in London.—But I can't stay any longer now—I have fifty places to call at, and so *bon jour.*"

Mrs. Whitton and Harriot sat for some moments after Miss Fletcher had quitted the room, looking at each other without speaking a word. At last the former exclaimed, "a grocer!" with a contemptuous tone, to which the latter echoed, "a grocer!" with a voice equally expressive of the haughtiness of her heart.—"However, madam," said Harriot, "disappointed as I own I am, by this intelligence, it gives me at the same time no small satisfaction, for I would rather die than be the wife of a tradesman."

"I commend you child," said Mrs. Whitton; "I should be extremely sorry to see you in so vulgar a light." Never were two people more surprised; for they had concluded, from his generous behaviour, that he was a gentleman of fortune, and did not care to affront him by a close enquiry into his situation in life.

When Mr. Bromley came the next day he was admitted, indeed; but the reception that he met with was very unexpected.

Mrs. Whitton, only, made her appearance. Harriot was so much mortified at her disappointment, that she would not come down to him. "Well, madam, said Bromley, with lively accents, I have put things in a train, and I hope Miss Whitton will hurry matters on as much on her side, as I shall on mine."

"She is in no hurry, Sir, to be the wife of a tradesman," answered she, swelling with false pride, "I must therefore desire you not to give yourself the trouble of coming here again."

With these words she flounced out of the room with an inflamed countenance, leaving Mr. Bromley to find his way out of the house by himself: and he quitted it full of indignation at the treatment which he had received, but long before he reached the Borough, he considered his dismission as an event rather to be remembered with pleasure than with pain.

Willing, however, after having calmly reflected upon his dismission, to know whether Harriot was so ridiculously proud as to reject him merely on account of his being concerned in trade, or whether Mrs. Whitton had not answered too precipitately for her daughter, because she was herself offended, he dispatched his servant with a note to Miss Whitton, in order to have the unexpected procedure of the foregoing day thoroughly cleared up.

The answer to this note was short but decisive.

"Sir,

"My mother told you the truth when she said I was in no hurry to be married to a tradesman."

"Harriot Whitton."

## ANECDOTE

OF

## *CHARLES THE SECOND.*

IN a conversation between Gourville and Charles the Second, Gourville observed, "that a King of England, who was content to be the man of his people, was the greatest man in the

 world;

world; but that if he endeavoured to be more, he was nothing."—" Then I (returned Charles) will be the man of the people." A King of England who is beloved, may indeed justly pretend to such a qualification; but it is surely the highest degree of presumption in any private individual, either to assume it himself, or suffer it to be applied to him by another.

## ANECDOTE

OF

## *THE LATE LORD HEATHFIELD.*

THE late Lord Heathfield paid so great a regard to military discipline, as even to enforce its observance in the person of his footman, who was always noticed by the spectators to be remarkably uniform in the manner of holding out his arm, while assisting the veteran from his carriage, the footstep of which hung three down. The man usually called out, in a military tone—*one—two—three—the ground.*

A SIN-

## A SINGULAR INSTANCE

OF

## GENEROSITY IN A BROTHER.

MR. Bailly, late wine-merchant to the Queen of France, who was long celebrated for his œconomy and industry, by which he had acquired a very capital fortune, is lately dead.—Being taken suddenly ill, he declared that he was not married to the lady who lived with him, and whom the world always thought to have been his wife: in consequence of which, the two children he had by her were not his heirs, and his wealth returned into his family; but he left by his will to the lady an annuity of twenty thou and livres, and to each of his children twelve thousand; particularly entreating the Chevalier Bailly, his brother, who is a Knight of the order of St. Lewis, not to oppose this part of his testament.

The Chevalier was shocked at this disposal of the fortune, and felt the strongest sensations of the future shame that must be fixed on his brother's memory, if he left without the name and fortune those whom the world esteemed as his brother's wife and children, and whom he always

loved with the affection of a brother and an uncle. He remonstrated to his brother on the injustice of depriving them of his wealth, and assured him that he should look upon himself as a robber, if he, by the laws of succession, took any part of the property from them. He intreated him to alter his resolution; told him there was sufficient time betwixt that and death to repair his fault, by immediately marrying her, which the Chevalier very solemnly and earnestly entreated him to do; but Mr. Bailly would not listen to these remonstrances.

The Chevalier would not give up this point: he continually urged his brother to an act of honour and justice. Mrs. Bailly, his mother, who could not leave her house, wrote to him the most pressing letters, begging of him, in the most supplicating manner, not to give so great a stab to her delicacy, as to let a woman and her children live in dishonour, who hitherto had been always respected and esteemed, and pressed him to consider that the children were his.

Mrs. Bailly, the supposed wife, was desired by her friends to unite with their's her personal entreaties. "Me!" replied this lady, "I should be sorry so to do, as it would give him more trouble; he has enough now on his mind; he is already but too ill, and this would make him more

more so." Mr. Bailly at last gave way to the prayers of his brother; the time required dispatch. The Chevalier repaired to the Archbishop, who, on hearing the story, said, "Mr. Bailly has lived in a state of concubinage. It is only his illness that induces him to repent of this crime, and he must expect the event."—"But (said the Chevalier) the illness hastily increases; tomorrow my brother will be dead, and then cannot make any atonement." The Archbishop was inflexible, though Mr. Bailly had consented.

Death being near at hand, the Chevalier went and again importuned the Archbishop, who by his solicitations, joined to the importunities of the Chevalier's friends, granted a dispensation for the marriage, and a permission for the Chevalier to divest himself of the immense wealth left him by his brother. The marriage was immediately performed, and Mr. Bailly died the same day. The other relations and legatees, who took no part in the praise-worthy action of the Chevalier, attacked the marriage by a suit at law, pretending it was not legal, and declaring themselves Mr. Bailly's inheritors.

These further embarrassments for the Chevalier gave him more occasion for the display of the magnanimity of his soul. He solicited the

the judges; he spared neither pains nor expence, and discovered as much warmth and zeal to deprive himself of riches, as his opponents took to possess themselves of it. Mr. Bailly's mother also, with equal zeal, seconded the defence of her son the Chevalier. These proceedings had the desired effect; a verdict was obtained in favour of Mrs. Bailly, the widow, and the demands of the pretended claimants set aside.

The Chevalier, replete with a joy that sublime virtue only can inspire, was the bearer of this determination to his sister: he informed her that her marriage was declared valid, and that she was mistress of three millions two hundred thousand livres—(one hundred and fifty thousand pounds English.)

## ROYAL ANECDOTE.

THE real merit of the rulers of nations is best estimated by their benevolent actions. "It is not," says the philosopher Rousseau, speaking of his present Majesty, "the great monarch whom I reverence, but the good husband, the good father, the virtuous, the benevolent man." How well his Majesty deserves this eulogium

eulogium (an eulogium more to be prized as it came from the mouth of a professed cynic,) may be seen by the following anecdote, the truth of which may be depended on. A Gentlewoman of the name of Delany, said to have been an intimate acquaintance of Dr. Swift, lived for several years with the Dutchess of Portland as a companion. On the decease of her Grace, Mrs. Delany was at the age of eighty-four, left almost entirely destitute, the only legacy bequeathed her being a few curiosities. The Princesses having frequently seen Mrs. Delany in their visits to the Dutchess, and knowing her circumstances, took an opportunity of mentioning her case before the Queen, who, with that goodness of heart for which she has always been distinguished, immediately laid the matter before the King, when his Majesty readily consented to give her a small house in Windsor Park; and on its being represented by lady Harcourt, that something more was requisite to enable the old Gentlewoman to pass the evening of her days in comfort, not only furnished the house with every necessary article, but after taking the trouble to inspect the premises, that nothing might be wanting, settled upon her a handsome pension for life.

## WRITTEN AT AN INN.

I.

FROM much lov'd friends, whene'er I part,
A pensive sadness fills my heart;
Past scenes my fancy wanders o'er,
And sighs to think they are no more.

II.

Along the road I musing go,
O'er many a deep and miry slough;
The shrouded moon withdraws her light,
And leaves me to the gloomy night.

III.

An Inn receives me, where unknown,
I solitary sit me down;
Many I hear, and some I see,
I nought to them, they nought to me.

IV

Thus in the regions of the dead,
A pilgrim's wand'ring life I lead,
And still at every step declare,
I've no abiding city here.

V.

For very far from hence I dwell,
And therefore bid the world farewell;
Finding of all the joys it gives,
A sad remembrance only lives.

VI.

VI.

Rough stumb'ling-stones my steps o'erthrow,
And lay a wand'ring sinner low;
Yet still my course to heaven I steer,
Tho' neither moon nor stars appear.

VII.

The world is like an Inn; for there
Men call, and storm, and drink, and swear;
While undisturb'd a Christian waits,
And reads, and writes, and meditates.

VIII.

Tho' in the dark oft-times I stray,
The Lord shall light me on the way;
And to the city of the sun,
Conduct me, when my journey's done.

IX.

There by these eyes shall he be seen,
Who sojourn'd for me in an Inn;
On Sion's hill I those shall hail,
From whom I parted in the vale.

X.

Why am I heavy then and sad,
When thoughts like these should make me glad;
Muse then no more on things below,
Arise my soul, and let us go.

## ANECDOTE.

A party of friends in South Wales went to a boarding-school to see their children, accompanied by a lady, who, when they arrived at the school, proposed by way of reward to each of the boys, that should write the best piece of poetry during their stay, that he should have a piece of money or coin called an Angel, in consequence of which, they whose inclinations led them, had liberty to begin, and to write as fancy directed. When the hour came for recreation, those that did not chuse to try their skill that way, went out to play as usual: among the rest the youngest boy in the school went with his companions to marbles; but after they had been out sometime, he of a sudden left his playmates, and going into the school-room, desired one of his schoolfellows to lend him a pen, who did, but asked him what he was going to do with it? when he replied, why to write to be sure, and taking a slip of paper, wrote a few words, put the paper in his pocket and went to his play again; a little while, previous to the parties leaving the school, the boys who had wrote were called upon to produce their pieces, beginning with the eldest, when those who had any claim to merit were put by themselves, till such time the whole

should

should be read over; but when they came to see what the youngest had written, the coin was instantly decreed to be his property; for he had said,

If Angels do in Heaven dwell,
Your pocket's Heaven mine is Hell.

## ON GENTLENESS.

TRUE gentleness, the most amiable of human qualities, ought carefully to be distinguished from passive tameness of spirit, and also from unlimited compliance with the manners of others. That passive tameness which submits, without struggle, to every encroachment of the violent and assuming, forms no part of moral duty; but is, on the contrary, destructive of general happiness and order: and that unlimited compliance, which, on every occasion, falls in with the opinions and manners of others, is so far from being a virtue, that it is itself a vice, and the parent of many vices. It is impossible to support the purity and dignity of morals, without opposing the world on various occasions, even though we should stand

alone. That gentleness that belongs to virtue and which alone deserves the name, is therefore equally distinct from the mean spirit of cowards, and the fawning assent of sycophants. It renounces no just right from fear, it gives up no important truth from flattery: it is, indeed, not only connected with a firm mind, but necessarily requires a manly spirit, and a fixed principle, in order to give it any real value. Gentleness stands opposed, not to the most determined regard to virtue and truth, but to harshness and severity, to pride and arrogance, to violence and oppression. It is properly that part of the great virtue of charity, which makes us unwilling to give pain to any of our fellow-men. Compassion prompts us to relieve their wants; forbearance prevents us from retaliating their injuries; meekness restrains our angry passions, candour our severe judgments; and gentlenes corrects, by a constant train of humane attentions, whatever is offensive in our manners, and studies to alleviate the miseries of life. Its office, therefore, is extensive; it is not, like some other virtues, called forth only on peculiar emergencies, but is continually in action, while we are engaged in intercourse with men. It ought to form our address, to regulate our speech, and to diffuse itself over our whole behaviour. This

amiable

amiable virtue, however, must not be confounded with that artificial courtesy, that studied smoothness of manners, which is learned in the school of the world. Such accomplishments the most frivolous and empty may possess. Too often they are employed by the artful as a snare; too often affected by the hard and unfeeling, as a cover to the baseness of their minds. We cannot, at the same time, avoid observing the homage which, even in such instances, the world is constrained to pay to virtue. In order to render society agreeable, it is found necessary to assume somewhat that may at least carry its appearance. Virtue is the universal charm; even its shadow is courted, where the substance is wanting. The imitation of its form has been reduced into an art, and, in the commerce of life, the first study of all who would either gain the esteem, or win the hearts of others, is to learn the speech, and to adopt the manners of candour, gentleness, and humanity. But that gentleness, which is the characteristic of a good man, has, like every other virtue, its seat in the heart: and let me add, nothing except what flows from the heart, can render even external manners truly pleasing; for no assumed behaviour can at all times hide the real character. In that unaffected civility which springs from a

gentle

gentle mind, there is a charm infinitely more powerful than in all the studied manners of the most finished courtier. True gentleness is founded on a sense of what we owe to him who made us, and to the common nature of which we all share. It arises from reflection on our feelings and wants, and from just views of the condition, and the duty of man. It is native feeling, heightened and improved by principle. It is the heart which easily relents, which feels for every thing that is human, and is backward and slow to inflict the least wound. It is affable in its address, and mild in its demeanour; ever ready to oblige, and willing to be obliged by others; breathing habitual kindness towards friends, courtesy to strangers, long-suffering to enemies. It exercises authority with moderation, administers reproof with tenderness, confers favours with ease and modesty. It is unassuming in opinion, and temperate in zeal. It contends not eagerly about trifles; slow to contradiction, and still slower to blame, but prompt to allay dissention, and to restore peace. It neither intermeddles unnecessarily with the affairs, nor pries inquisitively into the secrets of others. It delights, above all things, to alleviate distress; and, if it cannot dry up the falling tear, to sooth at least the grieving heart.

Gentle-

Gentleness is, in truth, the great avenue to mutual enjoyment, as well as a principle ingredient in general happiness. Amid the strife of contending parties, and interfering interests, it tempers the violence of competition, and keeps alive the seeds of harmony: it softens animosities, renews endearments, and renders the countenance of man a refreshment to man.

Banish gentleness from the earth; suppose the world to be filled with none but harsh and contentious spirits, and what sort of society would remain? the solitude of the desart were preferable to it. The conflict of jarring elements in chaos; the cave, where the subterraneous winds contend and roar; the den, where serpents hiss, and beast of the forest howl, would be the only proper representations of such assemblies of men.

Besides its social effects, the influence of this virtue on our internal enjoyment is certain and powerful. That inward tranquillity which it promotes, is the first requisite to every pleasurable feeling: it is the calm and clear atmosphere, the serenity and sunshine of the mind. When benignity and gentleness reign within, we are always least in hazard of being ruffled from without: every person, and every occurrence, is beheld in the most favourable light. But let some clouds

clouds of disgust and ill humour gather on the mind, and immediately the scene changes; nature seems transformed, and the appearance of all things is blackened to our view.

The gentle mind is like the smooth stream, which reflects every object in its just proportion, and in its fairest colours. The violent spirit, like troubled waters, renders back the images of things distorted and broken, and communicates to them all that disordered motion which arises solely from it own agitation.

Attacked by great injuries, the man of mild and gentle spirit will feel what human nature feels; and will defend and resent, as his duty allows him. But to those slight provocations, and frivolous offences, which are the most frequent causes of disquiet, he is happily superior. Hence his days flow in a far more placid tenour than those of others—exempted from the numberless discomposures which agitate vulgar minds; inspired with higher sentiments; taught to regard, with an indulgent eye, the frailties of men,—the omissions of the careless, the follies of the imprudent, and the levities of the fickle, he retreats into the calmness of his spirit, as into an undisturbed sanctuary, and quietly allows the usual current of life to hold its course.

## ANECDOTE OF BROUWER,

### (A CONTEMPORARY OF REUBENS.)

BROUWER, going to Antwerp, was taken up as a spy, and imprisoned in the same place where the Duke d'Arenberg was confined. That nobleman had an intimate friendship with Reubens, who often went to visit him in his confinement. The Duke having observed the genius of Brouwer, (by some slight sketches which he drew with black lead) without knowing who he was, desired Reubens to bring with him, at his own request, a pallet and pencils, for a painter who was in custody with him.

The materials requisite for painting were given to Brouwer, who took for his subject a groupe of soldiers, who were playing at cards in a corner of the prison. When the picture was finished, and shewn to Reubens, he cried out, it was painted by Brouwer, whose works he had often seen, and as often admired. The Duke delighted with the discovery, set a proper value on the performance; and though Reubens offered six hundred guilders for it, the Duke would by no means part with it, but presented the painter with a much larger sum.

Reubens immediately exerted all his interest to obtain the enlargement of Brouwer, and procured it by becoming his surety. He took him into his own house, cloathed and maintained him, and took pains to make the world more acquainted with his merit. But the levity of Brouwer's temper would not suffer him to continue long with his benefactor; nor would he consider his situation in any other light than as a state of confinement. He, therefore, quitted Reubens, and died not long afterwards, destroyed by a dissolute course of life.

## INSTANCE OF COURAGE.

PORSENNA, the most potent King then in Italy, havingunder taken to restore the Tarquins to the throne of Rome, from which they had been banished for their cruelty and oppression, sent proposals to the Senate for that purpose; but finding they were rejected with scorn, he advanced towards Rome in a confident persuasion that he should easily reduce it.

When he came to the bridge, and saw the Romans drawn up in order of battle before the river, he was surprized at their resolution, and not

not doubting but he should overpower them with numbers, prepared to fight.

The two armies being engaged, fought with great bravery, and long contended for victory. After a great slaughter on both sides, the Romans began to give way, and were quickly put to flight. All fled into the city over the bridge, which at the same time would have afforded a passage to the enemy, if Rome had not found, in the heroic courage of one of her citizens, a bulwark as strong as the highest walls. Publius Horatius was the man, surnamed Cocles, because he had but one eye, having lost the other in a battle. He was the strongest and most undaunted of all the Romans. He used every method to stop the flying army; but perceiving that neither entreaties nor exhortations could overcome their fear, he resolved, however badly supported he might be, to defend the entrance of the bridge, till it was demolished behind. On the success of this depended the preservation of the city. Only two Romans followed his example, and partook of his danger; nay, when he saw but a few planks of the bridge remaining, he obliged them to retire, and to save themselves. Standing alone against a whole army, but preserving his intrepidity, he even dared to insult his numerous enemies; and

cast terrible looks upon the principal Hetrurians, one while challenging them to a single combat, and then bitterly reproached them all. "Vile slaves that you are," said he, "not satisfied with being unmindful of your own, ye are come to deprive others of their liberty who have had the courage to assume it." Covered with his buckler, he sustained a shower of darts; and at last, when they were all preparing to rush upon him, the bridge was entirely demolished, and Cocles, throwing himself with his arms into the Tyber, safely swam over; having performed an action says Livy, that will command the admiration, more than the faith of posterity. He was received as in triumph by the Romans. The people erected him a brazen statue in armour in the most conspicuous part of the forum.—As much land was given him as he could surround with a plough in a day. All the inhabitants, both men and women, contributed to his reward; and in the midst of a dreadful scarcity, almost every person in the city, depriving themselves of a part of their substance, made him a present of provisions.

## ANECDOTE
OF
## *DOCTOR JOHNSON.*

ON Doctor Johnson's return from Scotland, a particular friend of his was saying, that now he had a view of the country, he was in hopes it would cure him of many prejudices against that nation, particularly in respect to the *fruits*: "why yes, Sir, I have found out that gooseberries will grow there against a south wall, but the skins are so tough, that it is death to the man who swallows one of them."

## ANECDOTE.

A Harmless country fellow having commenced a suit against a gentleman who had beat down his fences, and spoiled his corn; when the assizes drew near, his adversary bribed his only evidence to keep out of the way: Well, says the fellow, I am resolved I will go up to town, and the King shall know it. The King know it, says his landlord, who was an attorney, prithee what

what good will that do you, if the man keeps out of the way? Why, Sir, says the poor fellow, *I have heard you say that the King could make a man a Peer at any time.*

## HYMN TO VIRTUE.

HAIL heaven-born Virtue! hail supremely fair!
Best lov'd, and noblest object of my care!
Inspire with wisdom in the tempting hour,
To spurn at pleasure, and confess thy pow'r,
Thy power, which mocks the world's united force,
And, tho' oppos'd, maintains a steady course:
In vain loud tempests, with oppressive weight,
Strive, envious, to retard thy growing height,
The more their force obstructs thy spreading root,
The wider still thy vig'rous branches shoot.
Thy beams play unresisted on the soul,
Banish each fear, and each vain thought controul;
Content, and health, and joys sweet smiling train
Wait on thy steps, and flourish in thy reign.
We envy not the splendor of a throne,
But thee possessing, deem it all our own;

Warm'd

Warm'd by the sun-shine, poverty looks gay,
And wealth enjoys an everlasting day;
Blest with thy friendship, all around us bloom,
And comfort beams thro' death's Egyptian gloom;
The storms of passion at thy presence cease,
And all is temperance—and all is peace;
When better ages knew their good to prize,
None then were honour'd, but who first were wise;
Titles and fame from thee alone could flow,
And what is heaven above—was heaven below;
By worth superior monarchs shone express'd,
And he was King who most thy pow'r confess'd.
Happy the man who feels thy sacred fires!
Thrice happy he whom all thy pow'r inspires!
Supremely blest who thy command obeys,
Grows to thy shrine, and ever sings thy praise;
Thy guidance waits, thy constant smile implores,
And as he knows the more, still more adores!
Could earth afford a nature so refin'd,
Or shew such features in a human mind,
Angels would look with admiration down,
And by such virtue learn to frame their own.

## THE MILITARY MENDICANT,

### OR BENEVOLENCE REPAID.

"I Wish thee success," said a clergyman, putting something into an old soldier's hand—"adieu!"—"Heaven return it thee!" exclaimed the soldier, with a look that spoke more to the heart than all the expressions of gratitude that ever were uttered. His wife courtsied. "God bless you both!" said the good divine, and rode on. The veteran fixed his eyes on him in silence, till he turned out of sight. "What is it?" enquired the soldier's wife. "A guinea!" replied the soldier, wrapping it up carefully in a paper, and putting it into a greasy vellum pocket-book, the repository of his humble treasures. It had been his companion in all adventures from childhood, and a faithful one. He esteemed it as a friend, and, unlike modern friends, it kept every secret with which it was entrusted inviolate.—It contained the pride of his heart, a memorial, in his own hand-writing, of all the battles he had fought, the wounds he had received; up to that day on which the ruthless ball tore away the very arm which had so often wielded the instruments of vengeance against the enemies of his country

from

from his scarred body. Here the heroic narrative was deficient, but the remaining stump vouched for him—how much more impressively! Through this misfortune he obtained his discharge; that, too, was preserved, a companion to his memorial, to which it was affixed, signed by all his officers, a testimony of his *honourable* conduct.

It was the consciousness of having merited this, that transfused a gleam of happiness over all his despondencies: over these faithful memorials he frequently shed a tear, which sweetened the hour of distress, and bestowed a consolation only to be imbibed by minds attuned to the delicate harmony of sensibility, at the refined touch of virtue.

Grant, Almighty Disposer of Events! that *my* heart may ever be awake to the still voice of honour; that the season of calamity may not be rendered more irksome by the inquietudes of conscience!

"A guinea!" said the soldier. "A guinea! "God bless him for it!" uttered his wife.—"Amen!" rejoined the soldier. Would to Heaven that so hearty an *Amen* closed the prayers of the whole world. "There are *some* good people left in the world," observed the wife.—"Heaven forbid there should not!" answered the

husband—and on they jogged, till an humble house of entertainment presented to them a welcome sight; they approached it joyfully; and turned to satisfy their moderate wants, and rest their wearied limbs.

The weather was cold; but they placed themselves, modestly, at a distance from the fire, though it was not quite taken up. A piper lad kindly offered his seat: the veteran thankfully declined it; but was drawing nearer, when the landlord entered, who muttered something about *vagrants* and *passes!*

The soldier heard, but noticed not: he knew the power of money, and accompanied his enquiry for refreshment with a wish to have change for a guinea. The word *guinea* operated as a magic charm: a clean cloth was instantly spread; a steak put on the fire; and the landlord insisted that the chimney corner should be resigned for his military guest, who begged no one might be disturbed for him. The landlord was positive; forced both him and his wife on to the bench, swore every one ought to have a proper respect for the *King's cloth;* drank both *that* and his *Majesty,* out of a brimmer which was just brought for the soldier; and assured the company, that he had once carried arms himself; but having an opportunity to settle, he thought

thought it best to sleep in a whole skin, and so bought his discharge.

This was all just—for any thing the company knew to the contrary: certain it was he had been a private in a marching regiment; but respecting the manner in which he left it, he had made a small mistake—perhaps, his memory was bad, —perhaps, he wished to keep his own secret— or, perhaps, he had told this story so often, that he himself began to be persuaded of its verity. Reader, he was *drummed* out! "For what?" askest thou. Peace, untoward spirit of curiosity! seek not to bring to light the misdeeds of thy brother, which time has kindly left in oblivion! Alas! I am guiltier than thyself. I set thee an example. How frail is man! how vain his reasoning!

The two travellers began their little repast. The landlord joined them. The soldier smiled him a cheerful welcome. The mug was twice filled, and the table soon cleared. They all gathered close around the fire; and the soldier related the adventure of the clergyman and the *guinea*.

The landlord *dare said*, beside that guinea, the parson had not above another in the world. "*Gemmen*," for they were all strangers, "it is the curate of our parish, and a more *worthier*

soul never lived! He has a wife and four children; and has but fifty pound a year to maintain them, though the rectorship is worth five times as much. But the old rector died yesterday; and so the curate came here to hire one of my horses.—I keeps two, gemmen—to go to the Squire's to beg for the living; and he has all the parish's good words and prayers with him."—"Heaven grant he may succeed!" emphatically interrupted the soldier. "So says I!" rejoined mine host; accompanying the hearty affirmation with as hearty a tug at the soldier's ale.—"But, nevertheless, gemmen, I fears as how he won't; for his honour the Squire, though they says something as how the estate i'n't rightfully his—but I wouldn't have it known I spoke of it—I scorns to meddle with other folk's affairs—besides, he might take away my licence, and times are hard—but Mr. Martin, a gentleman in the neighbourhood, knows all about it.—And so, as I was a saying, gemmen, the Squire has often's the time being heard to say that he would sell the *parsontation*; and I am sure Dr. Kind can't buy it: for, as I said, he is but poor—and that was the reason I wouldn't take any thing of him for the lent of my horse—and he had the best too—though he doesn't buy two noggins of ale of me in a month. But then, to be sure, he

is

is parson of the parish, and doesn't get drunk. Here's his health, gemmen!" seizing a pot that stood next to him, and calling his wife to replenish the soldier's, which was empty.

When the ale was drawn, the soldier produced his guinea for change. Boniface, and his rib, having both rummaged their pockets for the amount, found they were seven shillings deficient. "What the devil hast done with all thy silver?" cried Boniface. "Why, my dear," replied she meekly, "didn't I give it to Dr. Kind out of the half guinea for the hire of the horse?" This rather confused our *disinterested* host: but, not being easily put out of countenance, and thinking silence best, he took no other notice of the circumstances than to bid her go and get change; winking to her very significantly, at the same time, to withdraw.

The company had sat for some time, enjoying themselves in silence, here and there interrupted by a trite observation, when the piper offered to play them a tune. A dance was accordingly proposed, but objected to, at first, by Boniface, who observed as how it spoiled good company. However, finding it necessary to conform to the humour of his customers, he determined to lose nothing by the temporary suspension from drinking; and, having emptied the

the only mug that had liquor in it, ordered his wife—who now returned with "she couldn't get change, though she had been at a dozen places!" —to fill all again, and stood up with the rest.—The piper began, and at it they went, if not with skill, at least with glee.

How fragile is the tenure of joy! The piper had scarcely thrice repeated his strain, when in came the landlady, and informed her spouse, that Mr. Martin was come for his horse, which they had lent the Doctor in the morning. She was followed by the gentleman. *Scorum* was again confused; and stammered out, that as how it had wanted shoeing, and so he had sent it to town. But Mr. Martin, who had overheard all the wife had said, taxed the delinquent with his guilt. He now begged ten thousand pardons; and while the owner assured him that had he lent it to any one else, he would never have excused him, the divine entered. The landlord swore for joy, and ran out to receive the horse; and the Doctor and Mr. Martin shook hands, and were retiring into the parlour, when the former espied the objects of his benevolence; and, apologizing to his friend, requested their company also. Thinking it their duty not to refuse, they modestly obeyed; and a chearful bowl being instantly filled, they all sat down to enjoy it.

The

The soldier was agitated concerning the success of his benefactor: it was not busy solicitude, but the anxiety of gratitude. The Doctor was silent on the subject; and the soldier, persuaded of his success by the uniform chearfulness of his manners, set his own heart at rest. Distress generally excites *curiosity*—seldom any thing farther. The appearance of the veteran excited that of Martin: but he was a humane man: and it was a laudable motive that induced him to hint, in a delicate manner, a desire of being acquainted with his history. The soldier readily gratified him.

His name, he said, was Roach, his father bore arms. He was born at Carrickfergus, in Ireland; and, when but two years old, his father being ordered abroad, his mother took him with her to follow the fortunes of her husband. At fourteen, he lost his mother; and at sixteen, his father. He fought by his side; saw him fall; and had the pleasure of revenging him on the man who slew him. His life had been literally a continual warfare—but he had been raised only to a halbert.

Mr. Martin expressed surprize—merit is ever modest. "I deserved no more," was the reply. He proceeded—he had been thrice imprisoned in France, once in Spain, and once in Holland.

"But

"But I trusted in God!" said the hero. "And he delivered thee," returned the divine.—During an interval between the two last imprisonments he had suffered, for the second time since he was two years of age, he saw England. He then married; and his wife had been his constant companion in all his succeeding troubles. At fifty, he lost his arm in the lamentable war that separated England and America: at Bunker's Hill he received the fatal shot; and, with the united testimony of all his officers concerning his fidelity and bravery, was sent to finish his days in the mother country. He applied for the pension. Merit is not always successful: he was modest; and had not a friend at court. He applied in vain!

His wife had a relation in Wales, a creditable, though not a rich, farmer: to him they went, and lived with him, labouring for their maintenance, four years. He then died; and, being ignorant of any other relations, left them his all. They were industrious, they were frugal: but prosperity is not always the reward of industry, and the frugal are sometimes sparing in vain. The hand of Providence seemed against them; but the ways of heaven are inscrutable! Their cattle died; their crops failed! Their all was nearly gone; when the honest pair called

their

creditors together, and surrendered to them the little that remained; and taking an affectionate farewell of their neighbours, who all pitied, but were too poor materially to assist them, set off for London, to sue once more for the pension; fearing, at the same time, that they had deferred the application too long.

They had travelled four days cheerfully; when they had lost the purse which held the pittance they had to support them on their journey!—But they were resigned: they had begged through the fifth; and on the sixth, they were met by the charitable curate. Here the narrator repeated his thanks; and the clergyman insisted they were not due, having done nothing more than his duty. Mr. Martin, apologizing, enquired of the soldier where his father fell?—"At Dettingen!" "Had he no relation living." None, that he knew of. He had once a brother, christened Leonard, after his father; who, when he went abroad, was left with an aunt at Carrickfergus, and was then five years old. He addressed to him an account of his father's fate; but did not himself see Ireland till six years afterwards. He then heard that his aunt was dead; but from all the enquiries he could make, had never been able to learn what became of his brother, or whether he received the letter con-

cerning his father. "He did!" interrupted Martin. The clergyman, the soldier, and his wife, all fixed their eyes on him. "Heavens! is he alive?" eagerly exclaimed the sergeant.—"No!" deeply sighed Mr. Martin. "He was my intimate friend. About six months after the receipt of your letter, he quitted Ireland; and, in the service of a foreign merchant, thrice travelled over the continent of Europe. His fidelity and zeal so attached him to his employer, who now settled in England, that he entertained him no longer as a servant, but made him his companion and confidant; and, dying about eight years since, bequeathed him an estate in this country, amounting to eight hundred per annum, together with the presentation of the parish living."

Here the clergyman seemed rather discomposed. The soldier observed it. Mr. Martin went on——

"About this time, I became acquainted with your brother. He imparted to me every circumstance of his life. I assisted him in perpetual enquiries after you, but in vain; and accidentally discovering a cousin of your aunt's, out of gratitude to her, at his death, about four years since, excepting a legacy of two hundred pounds a year to me, he made him his sole heir, with

with a proviso, that if ever you could be found, the whole estate was to be your own, on condition of your allowing him two hundred pounds per annum.

Nothing, then, remains, Sir, but to make the requisite proofs before the proper persons, which we will do without delay. Indeed, the strong resemblance you bear to your dear brother, is testimony enough for me: but there are others to be satisfied."

"Praised be heaven!" exclaimed the good Doctor. The soldier's wife was transported—she wept for joy.

The soldier bore his good fortune with admirable serenity. "I should have received more pleasure from this news," said he, "had not my cousin forestalled me in the wish of my heart, and prevented me from expressing my gratitude to that generous gentleman, in a proper manner, by giving him the living."—"*Give* you the living, Dr. Kind?" exclaimed Mr. Martin. "He bargained for it with Dr. Double."—"He has not broken the contract, I can assure you," replied Doctor Kind. "Is it not your's, then?" hastily cried the soldier. "But it shall, it shall be!" And he took several turns, or rather quick marches, across the room. His heart was full—a tear relieved him.

In a few weeks his register from Ireland, and every necessary voucher for his identity, were procured. He asserted his claim; every one was satisfied with its equity, except his cousin; he took possession; solicited Mr. Martin, in vain, to accept a reward for his exertions; and in presenting the rectory to the benevolent Doctor, experienced the sublimest gratification of a noble heart, from the consciousness of having, by promoting the independence of virtue, discharged the obligations of gratitude.

## ANECDOTE

OF

## *DR. JOHNSON.*

ON the night before the publication of his first edition of Shakespeare, he supped with some friends in the Temple, who kept him up, "nothing loth," till past five o'clock in the morning. Much pleasantry passed on the subject of commentatorship, when all of a sudden the Doctor, looking at his watch, cried out,—"This may be sport to you, gentlemen, but you don't consider there are but two hours between me and criticism,"

# THE SPIRITED LOVER.

## A TALE FOR THE LADIES.

DURING the civil wars in Italy, of which the celebrated historian Guicciardini has given us so lively and so interesting an account, there happened within the territories of Naples, an event which no historian has mentioned, but which is not undeserving of a place in a miscellaneous work, in which pieces of history have been so well received.

In the reign of Alphonso, King of Naples, Lorenzo, (so he is called in the manuscript from which the following narrative is copied) a gentleman of fortune, and possessed of some lucrative employments under the government, had also in his possession as valuable a wife and daughter as ever fell to the lot of any human being: these jewels, however, he knew not how to estimate as he ought, for he was unreasonably jealous of the former, and threatened the latter with perpetual imprisonment in a convent, if she did not marry the man whom he had designed for her husband.

By a very slight sketch of these two characters, that is, of Isabella and her intended bridegroom, the reader will easily perceive that they were

were extremely ill suited to each other, and that no happiness could be possibly expected from such an hymenial connexion.

Isabella, in the bloom of youth, had an attractive person, and a cultivated understanding; she had also a disposition which rendered her beloved by all who were acquainted with her, and gave equal satisfaction by the solidity of her conversation, and the propriety of her whole deportment. She was the most dutiful, as well as the most affectionate of daughters, and till she became marriageable had no reason to complain of her father's behaviour to her.

Barbello, on the wrong side of sixty, had, with that disproportion in opposition to nineteen, a constitution much broken by original weaknesses, and irregular living. He had, indeed, some infirmities which made him a very disgusting object to the fair sex. Deformed in his person, and crooked in his mind, he had also a temper the most unamiable to be conceived.—He had nothing, in short, but his title and his fortune to recommend him.

Presuming upon his fortune and his rank, Barbello made his addresses to Isabella, and was rejected. Piqued at her refusal, he repaired immediately to her father, and, with an additional presumption, demanded her of him in marriage;

marriage; displaying, at the same time, the numerous and substantial advantages which he would himself reap from an alliance with his house.

Dazzled with the brilliancy of such an alliance, Lorenzo overlooked all his personal, all his mental imperfections, and assured him, that he should marry his daughter whenever he pleased, without once reflecting on the irreparable injury he was doing his amiable daughter, who had never, designedly, offended him, by devoting her to a life of misery with the man of her abhorrence, by sacrificing her, in all her youthful charms, at the altar of Plutus.

The moment she saw Barbello leave the house, after having been closeted with her father, in consequence of her repelling carriage, Isabella hurried to him, and throwing herself upon her knees before him, intreated him not to be angry with her for having refused a man, with whom she could not be happy; to whom, indeed, she could not give her hand without dooming herself to absolute wretchedness for the remainder of her life.

"You must marry Barbello," said her resolute father, with an unusual sternness in his features, with an unusual exaltation of his voice, "you must marry Barbello," continued he,

he, "or spend the rest of your days in a convent."

These words stunned her, and she retired to her own apartment in a condition not to be described, but truly to be compassionated. There she gave vent to a fresh shower of tears, and loudly lamented the singular misery of her situation: condemned as she was to a marriage of detestation, or a life of seclusion from the world. Which ever way she turned her eyes her distress was extreme, and the more she reflected upon the cause of it, the less able was she to know in what manner to procure its removal.

In this melancholy and truly pitiable state she was found soon afterwards by her mother, who sincerely felt her affliction from sympathy, and made haste to administer consolation. Fondly attached to her, she hung over her in a manner which sufficiently proved that her maternal compassion was equal to her maternal affection, and in the tenderest accents assured her that she would leave nothing in her power undone to break off a match which she could not herself by any means encourage for numberless reasons, setting aside the real regard she had for her.

Isabella, whose heart was ever alive to gratitude, poured out the warmest acknowledgments

to her considerate, her indulgent mother, for her assurances, and offered up a short prayer, from the bottom of her heart, for her success.

It will now be necessary, for the introduction of a new character, to acquaint the readers of this tale, a very considerable part of Isabella's distress arose from her prepossessions in favour of a man who was as happily formed by nature to charm her sex, as Barbello was unhappily formed by nature to shock them with his appearance.

The name of this captivating man was Detour, a Frenchman, of a good family, very genteely connected, and greatly countenanced by Charles VIII. who, when he meditated the conquest of Naples, charged him with a secret commission to a Neapolitan nobleman in his interest.—This young Frenchman seeing Isabella at one of the churches in a few days after his arrival, fell in love with her, but was not a little chagrined to find, upon a minute enquiry about her, that she was the daughter of a man who had too much of the anti-gallican spirit in his composition to encourage him to make his addresses to her. However, as he saw, or thought he saw, in the behaviour of Isabella, during the performance of her religious duties, that she looked at him frequently by stolen glances, with no unfavourable eyes,

he told the nobleman at whose house he resided that he would give the world to be assured his conjectures were not ill grounded.

Sebastian in reply said, that as Lorenzo and he were different parties there were no friendly communications between them.—"But I will endeavour," added he, (after a short pause) "to hit upon a method for the gratification of your curiosity."

With this promise Detour was very well satisfied, and waited, with as much patience as lovers generally are possessed of, for the peformance of it. But there is no describing his feelings when he heard that she was on the point of being married to Barbello.

When Julia, in consequence of her assurances to her daughter, went in search of her husband, she met him in the passage which led to his library, and requesting him to return to it, as she had something of the utmost importance to communicate to him.

Lorenzo having just been reading some papers which had been sent to him from an unknown hand concerning some great revolution in the state, and containing some dark hints about his own safety, if he continued to favour the cause of Alphonso, hastily asked her if what she had to impart related to him.

Upon

Upon her answering in the affirmative, he went back to the apartment he had quitted a few minutes before, inexpressibly eager to learn what his wife had to disclose, especially as her answer was delivered with an uncommon gravity and firmness.

As soon as they were seated, Julia proceeded in the following manner:

"I have told you, Lorenzo, that my business relates immediately to yourself, and I think you cannot but feel yourself deeply interested in it when I tell you it relates also to your daughter."

"My daughter!" exclaimed he, starting from his chair, extremely disappointed, "what of her. She is to be married in a few days to Barbello."

"If she lives."

"Lives!" said he, "she shall live—I have set my heart upon this marriage, and nothing shall hinder it."

Julia finding it impossible to go on while her husband was in so irrational a humour, rose up to retire, saying, "I will communicate what I have to say concerning Isabella when you are in a more composed frame of mind. I shall only add, at present, that you may, perhaps, have reason to repent of your attachment to Barbello."

Lorenzo, stopped in his career by the equivocal conclusion of this reply, desired Julia to re-

sume her seat, and to make full discoveries, assured her that he would hear what she had to say without giving her any interruption.

Julia then acquainted him with the unhappy situation of her daughter, and by describing it in the most pathetic language she could adopt upon the occasion, endeavoured to rouse his parental sensibility, laying a particular stress upon the great disproportion in point of years between Barbello and Isabella, and enlarging, with equal energy, on the many imperfections, external and internal, by which the former was distinguished. She closed her address by returning to the situation into which his severity had thrown the latter, and declared it to be her opinion that she would not live to be the wife of the man to whom he was going to make her the victim, as the anguish of her mind would certainly bring on a train of fatal disorders.

Lorenzo, agreeably to his promise, kept his temper during the first part of the above speech, but the last words threw him again into the old channel, and his impetuosity was no longer to be curbed.—" She shall be married to-morrow," said the inflexible father. She will live till then, I suppose :" and flung out of the room without waiting for an answer.

While Lorenzo and his family were thus situated;

situated; and three persons could not well be more wretched in different ways, Detour was studying how to get an interview with the dear object of his wishes, and he was the more eager to come to a conversation with Isabella, as he had no doubts, from some manœuvres under the direction of the nobleman with whom he lived, with respect to a mutual prepossession. Thoroughly satisfied that Isabella beheld him with the eyes of partiality, he was prepared, in the true spirit of gallantry, to run any hazards for the accomplishment of his desires; but his friend, who had been taught wisdom by experience, earnestly advised him to act with the nicest circumspection, and to employ stratagem rather than force in the execution of his designs.

To these admonitions Detour listened with attention, and induced his monitor to believe that he would square his conduct by the golden rule of discretion.—But where shall we find discretion and love inhabitants of the same bosom! Are they ever associated? Detour was certainly a stranger to the former, and yet by a happy rashness he gained the very summit of his wishes.—His success, however, ought not by any means to govern the conduct of other adventurers in similar pursuits, for his temerity might have proved of the highest dis-service to him,

him, if a revolution in the political principles of Lorenzo had not produced a change in his ideas of patriotism. In consequence of this resolution, and this change, he rendered two amiable people completely happy, and at the same time gained a considerable addition of riches and power; though he gained them with a far greater diminution of his patriotic merit, and gratitude to the man to whom he was under obligations never to be effaced—to Alphonso.

Detour, the moment he heard that the day was fixed for the union between Barbello and Isabella, was determined to have an engagement with the former, and to make him either relinquish his pretensions to the latter, or take his leave of the world; not doubting but that he should, being an excellent swordsman, oblige him in a short time to give up the lady, or give up his life.

Inflamed with this idea, he set out early on the destined morning in order to intercept Barbello in his progress to Lorenzo's palace, and meeting him upon the road with a couple of attendants, attacked him with great vivacity and very galling language, for his going to marry a lady with whom he was himself passionately enamoured, and whom he was resolved to marry. "I must desire you, therefore, Sir," continued he,

he, while his eyes sparkled with the fire which love had kindled in them, " I must desire you to withdraw yourself immediately, or dispute with me your passage to the altar."

No sooner had he delivered these words than he drew his sword, which glittered in the sun, and so dazzled the eyes of the servants who attended the old baron, that they hurried on to Lorenzo's palace, really believing that some madman had broke loose from his keepers, and not choosing to have any thing more to do with him till they had got more people to assist them.

When the servants of Barbello had reached Lorenzo's palace, they were met at the top of the avenue leading to it by one of his domestics, who had a letter to deliver into the baron's own hands.

In this letter Lorenzo informed his intended son-in-law that he had altered his mind, and that he, therefore, wished he would think no more of his daughter for a wife. This alteration had been produced by the artful management of one of Charles's negociators at Naples, who, by holding forth to him honour and emoluments which he had not sufficient virtue to withstand, detached him from the interest of his first royal benefactor, and made him a convert to the court of France.

The servants of Barbello, by the time they had reached

reached the above mentioned avenue, began to think that they had been too precipitate in leaving their master to be murdered, perhaps; and easily procuring a reinforcement, when they had related the situation in which they had left him, returned with the utmost celerity, but not soon enough to see him in the attitude they had left him: he had been wounded by his adversary, and lay stretched upon the ground without any signs of life. The servants of Lorenzo immediately seizing the conqueror, notwithstanding the hostility of his appearance, told him that they must carry him to their master. To their no small surprize he replied, that they could not give him a greater pleasure. Accordingly they led him, "nothing loth," to the palace to which they belonged.

To the still greater surprize of his conductors the nearer he approached to the palace, the more pleased he appeared: they could not conceive what joy a man could feel in being carried before their master in the character of a murderer, and and Lorenzo himself, indeed, was much astonished at the intrepidity he discovered in his countenance when he was brought into his presence. No words can paint the looks of Julia and Isabella, at the sight of him in that condition.

Lorenzo

Lorenzo never having seen Detour, treated him only as a man who had murdered one of the noblesse of Naples, being informed that Barbello lay like a dead corpse: but the ladies recognized him, and knew not how to act in so delicate a situation. Isabella, indeed, had been made happy by her father's having put a stop to the hymenial proceedings so dreadful to her, but she was afraid to flatter herself with the hopes of finding the murderer of the man she hated, considered as the man whom she loved, and deemed deserving of her hand.

The intrepidity which Detour discovered was not confined to his features: he looked like a lion, and there was no small ferocity in his first speech to the father of his mistress. "You seem surprized at my appearance, Sir. You behold me, I see plainly, in the light of a criminal. In the same light I behold you for having doomed your daughter, the most amiable of her sex, to the arms of a man whom she abhorred. To save her from such a sacrifice, I was determined, this morning, to make him relinquish all pretensions to her, or perish in the attempt. We fought, and I was successful: he is wounded, but not dangerously, I believe, though his extreme faintness, from loss of blood, gives him the air of a dying person, I wish not for his death: he has

given up all his claims to your daughter. With that surrender I am satisfied, I love Isabella, and I have some reason to imagine that she has no aversion to me. If she confirms my conjectures with her own lips, (darting an eager glance at her at the same time) you will, I hope, upon an enquiry into my character and connexions, which will, I may venture to say, bear the strictest scrutiny, think me worthy of supplying the place of him whom you designed for her husband.

Never in his whole life had Lorenzo been thrown into greater astonishment. However, as he had determined not to marry Isabella to Barbello, he was not sorry to find that he had himself given her up, and as he was not destitute of common humanity, he hoped that his wound would not prove mortal. But he was not so ready to give credit to his successful antagonist, with regard to his own pretensions to his daughter: he therefore ordered him to be conveyed to the place of confinement for all prisoners in his predicament, adding, that if the baron recovered of his wound, it would then be time enough to make farther enquiries about him.

The servants who had brought the spirited lover to Lorenzo, were now going to conduct him to the place which he had mentioned. Julia coming

ing forward stopped them. Then turning to her husband, she intreated him to command their removal, as she had something to relate with regard to his prisoner which required privacy.

When the servants withdrew, Julia informed her husband who the person before him was, and acquainted him with all she knew concerning his family, &c. without concealing her daughter's prepossessions in his favour, which might safely be encouraged, she said, if what she heard was true.

Staggered with this information, but yet not displeased with it, Lorenzo's features began to wear a more complacent appearance: he then told Detour that his own house should, for the present, be his prison; and that if all the enquiries he should make, proved satisfactory, he would be as ready to marry his daughter agreeably to her inclination, as he had been to marry her against it.

In a few days after these transactions, Lorenzo, thoroughly pleased with the intelligence he received with regard to Detour, and largely rewarded by Charles for his desertion, consented to the marriage of Isabella, who was happy beyond her expectations. There was nothing to check the stream of her felicity, but the severe satires circulated round against her father for abandoning

a prince who had raised him from obscurity to splendor, and for his *trimming* at a juncture when he might have distinguished himself in the first line of patriotism.—Children may, and good children will be sorry for the crimes or the follies of their parents, but it would be hard indeed if they were to be answerable for the one or the other.

## ANECDOTE
OF
## THE LATE MR. RALPH ALLEN.

THE late Mr. Ralph Allen, who has been universally honoured with the epithet of *good*, was originally born to no possession. A fund of good sense, however, showed him the most likely methods of procuring an immense estate; and his conduct proves the ancient adage, that 'Every man is the maker of his own fortune.' The cross-posts all over England were of his contrivance: these he farmed from government, and they turned out highly to his advantage. An estate, he purchased near Bath, was

was bought with equal prudence: it was found to contain a quarry from which the stones for building the most beautiful parts of that town were taken. By this estate he gained such considerable sums, that, though he gave numberless benefactions to the indigent or meritorious, he died worth more than an hundred thousand pounds. It is told of this excellent man, that he once courted a young lady, whose father wanted to drive the match, as it was very advantageous. The young lady, however, was pre-engaged to another lover; which, when Mr. Allen knew, he generously portioned out his mistress from his own fortune, and gave her away himself to his own rival. The honours which so much virtue deserved, were amply recompensed by Mr. Pope, in these fine lines:

'Let modest Allen, with ingenuous shame,
'Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.'

## PARENTAL PARTIALITY.

### A TALE.

PARENTS are seldom guilty of greater mistakes in their behaviour to their children, than when they make invidious distinctions between

tween them, treating some of them with particular tenderness, and others with neglect bordering upon indifference. The partialities discovered by parents have occasioned many scenes of infelicity; by those partialities brothers have been set against brothers, sisters thrown into a state of warfare with each other, and innumerable disquiets have been produced by them in families, which might have been families of joy and love, had not the evil spirit of favouritism scattered the arrows of jealousy through the different members belonging to them. Observations of this kind have been frequently made, and it is not probable that the repetition of them, however tiresome to some readers, will be entirely useless. To those who had rather be instructed by example than precept, the following tale is addressed.

Mr. Mountford, an eminent merchant, having acquired a very handsome fortune, without any diminution of his reputation, in the commercial world, was seized with a passion for retirement, and in consequence of the operation of that passion, bought an estate in his native country, in order to spend the remainder of his days in rural tranquillity, amidst those scenes which first presented themselves to his eyes, and had ever made a deep impression upon his mind.

Mr.

Mr. Mountford, when he took possession of his estate, had a very amiable wife, and two sons; but as he had not been married many years, when he determined to withdraw from business, they were not arrived at an age to be pushed into the world. His eldest son, indeed, was not intended for any profession: his father resolved to bring him up a gentleman; his youngest son only was destined for some employment.

Mr. Mountford would not have been censurable for this mode of determination, with regard to the future appearance of his sons in the world, if he had not, at the same time, behaved in such a manner as to create jealousies between them, calculated to extinguish every spark of fraternal affection in their bosoms. To Frank, his eldest son, his carriage was so extremely partial, that it deserved a severe reprehension; as the distinguishing proofs of his predilection for him were sufficient to render Harry, his youngest son, very unhappy; and doubly mortified, as he was not conscious of having done any thing to merit the neglect which he painfully felt. A slight sketch of these brothers will serve to show that the partiality of their father operated in a manner which did not redound to the honour of his understanding, and he committed a capital error in judgment, when he was lavish of his tenderness

to

to Frank; when he only distinguished Harry with the most striking, and the most grating marks of his aversion.

Frank and Harry, though naturally well disposed lads, having been, at an early age, improperly treated, grew up with no cordiality for each other. The former, presuming upon his succession to an estate which he most dutifully wished to enjoy before his father's removal from it, behaved to the latter with a degree of arrogance not to be digested by a brother who had a grain of resentment in his constitution. Harry was alive to every affront which he received from the insolence of Frank's behaviour, and could not always conceal his feelings; but the disclosure of them never failed to widen the breach between him and his brother, as Mr. Mountford, upon every such occasion, sided with his heir apparent, against his resentful adversary, and corrected him with additional asperity. However, though Mr. Mountford behaved in this partial manner to his children, while they were advancing to manhood, he had consideration enough for the son whom he intended for business, to place him in a compting-house in London, under the inspection of an old friend on whom he could rely, that he might have a fair chance, if he was diligent, sober, &c. &c. to make a pretty addition

to the small fortune he designed to leave him at his death, having but a few thousands remaining in the funds, after the purchase of his estate.

The behaviour of these two brothers, upon their father's decease, will discriminate their tempers, and from that behaviour alone, it may easily be imagined how they would have acted in most situations. Frank, when he heard of his father's sudden death, happened to be at a ball in the neighbourhood. The news was communicated to him while he was actually engaged in a very lively dance, with rather too much abruptness; but though many of his companions were shocked at it, he was not at all disconcerted by the messenger's precipitation—nor displeased. On the contrary, he exhibited some signs of satisfaction, which laid him open to the reproofs of decency, and concluded the evening with more festivity than he begun it. Such was the deportment of a highly-favoured son, indulged to an extreme, and almost idolized, on the death of him who would not, perhaps, have thought it possible for Frank to act with so little regard to his memory, had any of his friends—more gifted with the spirit of prophecy—predicted such a behaviour. Opposed to this behaviour, Harry's, upon the same occasion, will place him in a very different point of view, and in a point so much the more to his

advantage, as he certainly was under much stronger temptations, from the harsh treatment he had met with from his father, to rejoice at his dissolution. Harry, when he received the letter which acquainted him with his father's death, was with a select number of intimate companions at a tavern, not far from his master's house, celebrating the birth-day of one of them. The moment he had perused the contents, he imparted it to them, and then took his leave, thinking that he should act a very unbecoming part in proceeding in his mirthful career; for though he had no reason to lament his father's death, he could not bear the thoughts of discovering the least appearance of exultation. He was indeed of another, of a far better disposition, and charitably imputing all the unkindnesses he had received from him, to an unhappy delusion of the mind, he ever mentioned his name in the most respectful manner, and never breathed a syllable reproaching him for that partiality which had occasioned him so much disquietude. Nay, his generosity of thinking even extended to his undeserving brother. Called as he had been by his insolence, in the invidious character of a favourite, while he lived under the same roof with him, he forgot all his injurious treatment, when he did not actually smart under the pressure of it, and instead

stead of reviling him when he was out of the reach of his irritating language, spoke of him with the greatest candour, and even pitied him for the enormous share which he enjoyed of his father's love, as he supposed it might, eventually, be the cause of no small uneasiness to him by making him too well satisfied with his own parts and accomplishments, too ungarded in his carriage to those opinions revolting against his own, and too much intoxicated with his prospects to conduct himself in a manner which might serve to procure him friends when he had spent his inheritance, as he was naturally of a very expensive turn, and had no judgment to regulate the cravings of a capricious fancy, the wild sallies of a restless imagination.

Such were Harry's feelings on his brother's account, when he was placed with Mr. Delmy, in London, and he did not, upon his father's death, imagine he had any reason to alter his sentiments concerning him. As an interview between them was, however, now absolutely necessary, Harry set out for the family seat, attended his father's funeral, and having transacted all the business with his brother which his father's will occasioned, returned to an occupation that promised to be very lucrative to him, not at all discontented with the trifle be-

 queathed

queathed to him; nor did he utter an abusive word when he spoke of his brother, though he had, at the reading of the will, behaved with a self-sufficiency, and a *hauteur*, provoking beyond expression.

Very soon after Frank came into the possession of that estate for which he had sincerely sighed long before it devolved to him, Harry ventured to foretell its speedy reduction, from the well-known tendency to all kinds of extravagance, in the wrong-headed, conceited owner of it; and he was not out in his calculations.

Frank, in a few years, was actually in so distressed a condition, that he was obliged to sell a great part of his estate to stop the mouths of his *honourable* and some *right honourable* creditors, that he might shew his face among them, without being posted for a scoundrel. When his debts of *honour* were adjusted, he was compelled, by arguments not to be resisted, (the logic of the law) to make over his remaining acres to other hands.

He was now plunged into a situation in which he would have been entitled to pity, had he not brought himself into it by his own folly. In this situation he was mean enough to solicit the assistance of the very man whom he had most offended, his brother; to him he applied for relief,

lief, and—greatly to that brother's honour,—was relieved by him.

Harry, upon his brother's coming to pay him a visit, with an humility which would have flattered many a man in similar circumstances, was, instead of feeling any triumphant sensations, shocked at the sight, and instead of entering into any upbraiding retrospect, offered to put him into a way, which would, if he was regular and industrious, enable him to live in a very comfortable, though not splendid style.

At the bare idea of business, for the acquirement of a subsistence, the pride of Frank's heart got the better of his humility: all the blood of the gentleman started into his cheeks, and he replied, with his accustomed haughtiness of accent, "No, Harry, I will never work for my living; I would not drudge at a desk, like you, for all the money in the Bank. I will do any thing consistent with the character of a gentleman, in order to retrieve my affairs, but no trade, no mechanical employment. 'Tis true I have been unfortunate at *play*, but I may not always be so; if you will, therefore, lend me a *cool hundred* to sport with, I shall be obliged to you; and you may depend upon my *honour* for the re-payment of it with my first winnings."

Harry told his brother, in return, that he could

could not think of supplying him with money to be employed at a gaming-table; but added, that if he would call upon him the next day, he would communicate a more agreeable scheme to him.

Frank, eager to know what his brother's new plan was, went to him at the hour appointed.—Harry then presented a parchment to him, containing an handsome annuity, telling him, at the same time, that if he kept within the limits of that income, he might, if he pleased, be happier than he had ever been in his life.

## ANECDOTE.

A Certain prelate, famed for his eloquence, and accustomed to speak in public, uttering an harangue one day before Lewis XIV. who had an air of royalty that inspired an awe into all that approached him; was so disconcerted thereby, that he made a pause. The King perceiving it, and touched with his distress, said in the sweetest manner imaginable, "My lord, we are obliged to you for giving us leisure to admire the fine things you have been saying." The Bishop was so encouraged by this compliment, that he resumed his speech, and proceeded without any more hesitation.

## ON THE CONJUGAL STATE.

I AM fully persuaded that all the infelicities of the married state are occasioned by men's finding fault with the conduct of their wives, and imagining themselves to be fitter for government than obedience.

For my own part, I have always looked upon the husband to be the head of his wife, just in the same manner as a fountain is the head of a stream, which only finds supplies for its wandering, without directing the current which way it should flow. It may probably be objected, that wives are commanded in a certain book, called the bible, to be obedient to their husbands; but a lady, who is a great casuist in divinity, seems to have set this matter in a true light, by observing that as most of the commentators upon the New Testament have agreed, that some of its particular commands and prohibitions are merely local and temporary, and intended only as cautions to the Christians against giving scandal to the Jews and Heathens, among whom they lived; she makes no manner of doubt, that obedience to husbands was among the number of those commands, and that it might be right to observe it in the infancy of Christianity, but not now.

Many persons, as well Christians as others, are of opinion, that to command is neither the province of the wife nor of the husband; and that to advise and intreat is all that either has a right to: but this I take to be wrong policy; for as every private family is a little state within itself, there should be a superior and laws, or all will be anarchy and confusion; and as it is indisputable that the wife knows more of family affairs than the husband, there is no reason in the world for taking the command out of her hands.

Every body sees that when men keep mistresses they commence subjects under an absolute tyranny; and that a wife should have less authority is a very hard case, especially if it be considered, that she is not only one flesh with her husband, but as the general phrase is, his *better* part. Every body knows too, that good humour in a wife is the most necessary of all the virtues to secure the happiness of a husband; and how is her good humour to be preserved, if she is to be under perpetual controul? It is no new discovery, that the first wish of a woman is power; if, therefore you give the sceptre into her hand, and intreat her to say and to do according to her own good pleasure, it will be almost impossible for her to be always out of temper.

## AN ACT OF CLEMENCY.

LUCINIUS, having raised a numerous army, Zosimus says, one hundred and thirty thousand men, endeavoured to wrest the government out of the hands of his brother-in-law, Constantine, the emperor. But his army being defeated, Lucinius fled with what forces he could rally to Nicomidia, whither Constantine pursued him, and immediately invested the place, but on the second day of the siege, the emperor's sister intreating him, with a flood of tears, by the tenderness he had ever shewn for her, to forgive her husband, and, to grant him at least his life. He was prevailed upon to comply with her request, and the next day, Lucinius, finding no means of making his escape, presented himself before the conqueror, and throwing himself at his feet, yielded to him the purple, and the other ensigns of sovereignty. Constantine received him in a very friendly manner, entertained him at his table, and afterwards sent him to Thessalonica, assuring him, that he should live unmolested so long as he raised no new disturbances.

# ANECDOTE

OF

# MR. JOHNSON.

MR. Johnson, Author of *Hurlothrumbo*, &c. having been invited to pass some months at a country-house of a gentleman who had a great regard for him, but whom he had visited before, he accepted the invitation, and was, for some time, treated with the utmost hospitality and kindness. But at length having shown, in some of his expressions and actions, that wild and unaccountable extravagance and oddity which runs through his whole composition, the lady of the house, who happened to enjoy but a very indifferent state of health, which rendered her hyppish and low-spirited, and being moreover naturally of a timorous disposition, began to be extremely alarmed at his behaviour, and apprehensive that, at some time or other, he might do mischief either to himself or others. On this she repeatedly remonstrated to her husband, intreating him to find some means of getting rid of Mr. Johnson. The gentleman, however, who was better acquainted with Johnson's manner, and therefore under no apprehensions, was un-

unwilling to proceed to acts of so much seeming inhospitality, as the forbidding his house to a person whom he had himself invited to it; and therefore declined so doing for some time; till at length, on the continual solicitations of his lady, whom he found he could not make easy on any other terms, he commissioned a mutual friend to both, to break the affair to Mr. Johnson.—This being done with all the tenderness imaginable, and the true reason assigned by way of vindication of the gentleman himself, Mr. Johnson, with great coolness, and a gaiety of temper peculiar to himself, replied, that he was most perfectly persuaded of Mr. J——'s regard for him, and should ever retain the most grateful sense of the civilities he had received from him; that he also maintained the highest respect for his lady; and thought it his duty, by every means in his power, to contribute to the restoration of her peace of mind, which it appeared that he had been the innocent cause of disturbing; that he, therefore, might give her the strongest assurances from him, together with his compliments, that he never would again trouble her house whilst living; but, as a testimonial of his sincere esteem, she might depend on it, that, after his death, he should consider her as the very person to whom, on a visit back to this world, he should

think himself under an obligation to pay his respects. This message being delivered to the lady, who, we have before observed, was of an hypochondriac complexion, threw her into still greater apprehensions than before; and, fearing that he would be as good as his word, intreated the gentleman to go back to Mr. Johnson, and beg, from her, that he would continue where he was, or, at least, favour them with his company as often as possible; for that, with all his wildness, she had much rather see him alive than dead.

## FRUITLESS ATTEMPTS

AFTER

## HAPPINESS IN THIS LIFE.

A FEW days ago, an agreeable incident brought me acquainted with a family, as remarkable for elegance, sensibility, and every amiable endowment, as any in your whole metropolis. Having spent the afternoon with that peculiar satisfaction, the feast of reason, and the flow of soul must communicate, and exhausted or dismissed a variety of subjects, the folly and impiety of discontent was brought upon the carpet.

carpet. After tracing this sickness of the mind to innumerable sources, and proving to a demonstration, that no condition is utterly unimprovable, or unexceptionable, a lady, with great liveliness and address, gave us the following little anecdote.

My mother, said she, has frequently told me of a gentleman, whose possessions were immense, that was accustomed to amuse himself with the whimsical attempt of making a certain number of individuals happy every seventh year of his existence; but such was the nature, humour, or infirmity, of all he had to deal with, that the experiment ever terminated in their disgrace, and his own disappointment, one saving clause, and one only, was allowed them; the peevishness, impatience, or languishments of illness, was not to be considered as a reflection on them, or an impediment to the prosecution of his scheme, but he expected on the removal of the evil, that their full content should again break forth, as the sun from a cloud, with double radiance.

For one man he obtained the hand he had long vainly sighed for; another was delivered from all the misery of contracted circumstances; a third invested with the gratification of power; a fourth of independence; and on a fifth was bestowed

stowed his much-desired rank in a military life; but when he came to examine into the fruits of his industry, the lady's charms were fled, the misfortunes he had relieved were beheld with different eyes, the power he had lent was abused, the independence unenjoyed, and the army confessedly a round of fatigue, noise, and danger.

Thus universally unsuccessful amongst his own sex, he resolved to try what he could make of the ladies. It would be endless, and, indeed, not strictly politic, continued the fair speaker, to relate all the little caprices, light fancies, and extravagant wishes, he had now to encounter with; be it sufficient then to say, that at length he met with one, whose rational plan, seemingly enlarged sentiments, flattered his drooping expectations, and promised to reward his toil.

He placed her in the very situation she herself pointed out to him, as the infallible means of her felicity, nor for three whole months was she heard to breathe a dis-satisfied sigh; but, alas! how many changes can three months produce? He tenderly listened to the first cause of complaint, and as tenderly removed it. Another short period elapsed, and there was a second something to require his correcting hand; in a word, after repeated good-natured efforts, and amazing instances of patience and forbearance,

he

he besought her once more to consider, if a possibility remained of answering his purpose and her own.

She told him how sensibly she was affected, both by his indulgence and the weakness she was guilty of, but if a little house in the country, that had recently caught her eye, could be obtained for her, every dis-satisfaction would be shook off, and gratitude and peace alone the companions of her retirement.

Behold her now in possession of this last desire of her heart, and left to the experience of a couple of years before the gentleman renewed his enquiries. Every thing was as it should be, the prospect as blooming, the situation as delightful, and her connexions as happy as on her first arrival: but he begged her to proceed.

She was again ashamed of her folly, and conscious of the ridiculous figure she should make in his sight; but, however trifling the annoyance might sound to him, it was the bane of all her other enjoyments; a peacock, a miserable peacock, the property of a neighbouring gentleman, would sit upon her garden wall, and persecute her ears from morning to night with its odious squalling.

The gentleman smiled: I am sorry, Madam, said he, that you should be the person destined

to

to awaken me to a sense of what I never before attended to; there is a peacock on every body's wall, and if self-interest, reason, gratitude, and religion, are insufficient to reconcile us to the slightest inconvenience, where shall we find the being that will persevere in sheltering us from those additional rough blasts to which the equally deserving multitude so unhappily stand exposed?

Let us then forbear to eat, to drink, to sleep, to repine; the three first articles no repetition renders needless, and no mercies or blessings can secure us from the last. We trifle with Heaven in much the same manner this benevolent character was trifled with, and never suffer the conviction to strike us, that the fault is within our own breasts, until the bitterness of punishment, and the deprivation of all we ought to have held dear, overtakes us.

## ANECDOTE
OF
## MR. KILLIGREW.

KING Charles's fondness for pleasure, to which he always made business give way, used

used frequently to delay affairs of consequence, from his Majesty's disappointing the Council of his presence when met for the dispatch of business; which neglect gave great disgust and offence to many of those who were treated with this seeming disrespect. On one of these occasions the Duke of Lauderdale, who was naturally impetuous and turbulent, quitted the council-chamber in a violent passion; and meeting Mr. Killigrew presently after, expressing himself on the occasion in very disrespectful terms of his Majesty, Killigrew begged his Grace to moderate his passion, and offered to lay him a wager of an hundred pounds, that he himself would prevail on his Majesty to come to council in half an hour. The Duke, surprised at the boldness of his assertion, and warmed by resentment against the King, accepted the wager; on which Killigrew immediately went to the King, and, without ceremony, told him what had happened; adding these words, 'I know your Majesty hates Lauderdale, though the necessity of your affairs compels you to carry an outward appearance of civility: if you chuse to be rid of a man who is thus disagreeable to you, you need only go this once to council, for I know his covetous disposition so perfectly, that I am well persuaded, rather than pay this hundred pounds, he would

hang himself out of the way, and never plague you more.' The King was so pleased with the archness of this observation, that he immediately replied, "Well then, Killigrew, I positively will go;" and kept his word accordingly.

## SUDDEN JOY.

### A MORAL TALE.

THE desire of communicating pleasure to those whom we fondly love, for whom we have the sincerest regard, is a very natural one; but we may be in so great a hurry to make them happy with our communications, as to defeat the end proposed. The sudden disclosure of joyful, as well as of melancholy intelligence, has, in some situations, been attended with fatal consequences: with the same consequences has the sudden joy occasioned by the appearance of a beloved person coming upon us unexpectedly been attended. Against such disclosures, and such appearances, all prudent people will guard themselves; not only out of consideration for those whom they esteem, but for their own sakes, as they must necessarily be distressed by any ill con-

consequences arising from the precipitance of their proceedings.

" Indeed, my dear Emily, your attachment to Mr. Lymington is more romantic than rational. A man of his gay, dissipated turn, and addicted to all the fashionable pleasures of the age, will never be constant to any woman: it is highly probable that he has made his addresses to several women since he left England, and deserted them in search of variety. But should he return, and marry you, he would certainly be tired of you in a short time, and leave you truly wretched. He is, I grant, in a fair way of making his fortune in the East-Indies; yet he may be disappointed: now, Mr. Murray has made his fortune, and having also an unexceptionable character, entirely worthy of your attention, he is extravagantly in love with you, and I hope you will think well enough of him to give him your hand with a good grace, as I am very well assured that your father will not hear of a refusal: and I must own I think if you do not comply with his wishes, you will live to repent of your opposition to them.

In this manner did Mrs. Wyat, an excellent wife, and exemplary mother, endeavour to prevail on her daughter to make her inclination submit to discretion, and to prefer a steady,

sober man, with a large fortune in his possession, to him who, with a very expensive taste, was only in pursuit of one. Her endeavours, however, were all fruitless; she reasoned, she persuaded in vain. Emily's attachment to Mr. Lymington was not to be shaken by any thing which her mother could urge in favour of his opulent rival: nor will many of her sex, perhaps, in the least wonder at her adherence to the choice of her own heart, and her resistance to the choice of her parents, when they are told that Mr. Lymington (to adopt their own language) was "a most agreeable creature," and that Mr. Murray was "a forbidding animal," with nothing but his money to recommend him. Some females, to be sure there are, who are sufficiently swayed by lucrative views, to give their hands to men whom they abhor, in order to procure a brilliant settlement; yet the legal prostitution of a few mercenary women reflects no dishonour upon the sex in general.

Soon after the above conversation between Mrs. Wyat and her daughter, Mr. Wyat came home to dinner, and brought Mr. Murray with him.

When the two ladies retired, the two gentlemen proceeded to business, and every thing relating to the allianee between their families were

were finally adjusted. When that adjustment was finished, Emily was called in to be acquainted with it. Her looks, the moment she entered the room, plainly shewed the nature of her apprehensions: prepared however as she was for the dreadful information, she could not stand the shock of it; she sunk into a chair and fainted.

By the immediate assiduities of her destined husband, and the assistance of her mother, who at that instant entered the room, she was restored to her senses. She then, falling at her father's feet, most earnestly requested him with streaming eyes, to revoke his cruel determination, and not to force her to marry a man whose affection for her she could not possibly return.

Mr. Wyat, not at all of a flexible disposition, was quite unmoved by her intreaties, and her tears; and told her, not without reproving her at the same time, in very cutting terms, for her partiality to a loose spendthrift with no bottom, and as likely to die in a jail as any man he knew; that if she did not consent to give her hand to Mr. Murray in ten days, he would shut his doors against her, and never see her any more.

This severe treatment overset poor Emily; she fainted, and was conveyed in a lifeless condition to her apartment. It was long after the

the second blow she received from her father's stern behaviour to her, ere Emily was restored to the use of her understanding. With the repossession of her intellects she was only the more sensible of her wretchedness. Deeply in love with Mr. Lymington, and looking upon Mr. Murray in the most odious light, she spent the few days allotted her for her decisive answer in a state of mind not to be described.

Murray, though he could not but feel himself almost an object of horror to the woman he was going to marry, felt also his passion for her too violent to be controuled. It was the violence of his passions which prevented him from seeing that his age, his person, and his manners, all contributed to prejudice the idol of his soul against him. In his own eyes, indeed, he was extremely attractive; but, in the eyes of Emily, he had not a single allurement: and as to his fortune, on which his presumption was considerable, had it been three times larger than it was, it would not have bribed her heart to prove unfaithful to the first conqueror of it.

Emily having seriously reflected on the situation to which her father, by the severity of his resolution, had reduced her, began to dread the indulgence of her inclination at the expence of her duty. She had not, by the last India ship, received

received one line from her lover. She could not tell how to think him inconstant; she was rather disposed to imagine that he had met with some disappointment, and that he forbore to write till he could, with his assurances of fidelity, send her welcome intelligence concerning his affairs. His silence, however, alarmed her; perplexed her; grieved her: his silence, added to her father's inflexibility, rendered her quite at a loss how to act.

At the close of the ninth allotted day, poor Emily's mind was so violently agitated, that she could not shut her eyes all night.

On that very evening Lymington, who had arrived in the ship by which a letter was anxiously expected from him, repaired to the most intimate friend he left in England. By him, to his extreme surprize, as well as concern, he was informed of his Emily's trying situation. Mr. Spearman concluded his information in the following manner:—"Such is your Emily's disagreeable, almost distracting state, my dear Charles, as she is to return a decisive answer before to-morrow night. If she accepts of Mr. Murray—" "She will not, I am certain, cried Charles, with unusal eagerness, when I appear to claim her promise to me on my departure from her."

"You

"You are too warm," said Mr. Spearman: "if Miss Wyat rejects Mr. Murray—"

"She certainly will—"

"She deprives herself entirely of her father's protection."

"No matter—She shall be under my protection, and it shall be the whole study of my life to make the loss of her father's regard unfelt by her. My passion for her is more ardent than ever, and my fortune is sufficient to support her in a sphere superior to that in which she has hitherto moved. I will go instantly to the old tyrant, I will tell him that our hearts have been long united, and that he has no right to hinder the union of our hands."

Mr. Spearman, not being so hasty in his motions as his impetuous friend, coolly attempted to dissuade him from the execution of his design that evening, assuring him, at the same time, that by talking to Mr. Wyat in so high a key, he would not only increase his strong aversion to him, but irritate him to take effectual steps for the extinction of his hopes, by marrying his daughter to Mr. Wyat with the utmost expedition.

"Now, if you will take my advice," continued he, and proceed with circumspection, you may, notwithstanding these formidable bars, arrive at the

the summit of your wishes. By preparing my sister, who sees Miss Wyat almost every day, an interview between you may be contrived to-morrow morning at her house, and you may then concert measures for the sure and speedy accomplishment of your desires."

Lymington, having listened both with attention and patience to his friend's last monitory speech, began to be convinced that his admonitions were too judicious to be neglected. In consequence of conviction, he readily agreed to put himself under Mr. Spearman's guidance; who told him, that when he had prepared Miss Wyat for his appearance the next morning, he would come and let him know, that she might not be too much affected by the suddenness of it.

While Mr. Spearman and Mr. Lymington were thus engaged in conversation, Mr. Murray had a dialogue with a very old acquaintance of his of another kind.

Mr. Murray, not in the least doubting but that the decisive answer would be as favourable to him as he wished it to be, very earnestly pressed Mr. Jacobs to be present at his wedding.

"I am sorry, my dear Murray, replied he, to refuse compliance with any of your requests, but you must excuse my compliance with this. To speak with my customary freedom, I do not,

by any means, approve of your marrying Miss Wyat."

"Not approve of Miss Wyat! is she not a charming creature, and every way qualified to make the man happy who is united to her?"

"Not to make you happy! the man whom she beholds with a disgust, bordering upon abhorrence; and if you can think that she sees you in any other light, you deceive yourself in the grossest manner imaginable."

"She may not, at first, perhaps, be able to conquer her foolish prejudices in favour of that licentious fellow Lymington; but when she has been for some time my wife, I verily believe that my behaviour to her will be sufficient to wean her totally from him, and to attach her to me."

"You are too sanguine."

"And you talk like a man unacquainted with women."

"Well, my dear friend, said Mr. Jacobs, if you are determined to marry Miss Wyat, you will assuredly wish to be released from your indissoluble engagement with her. You may please yourself with the possession of her person, but you will never possess her heart; and what a contemptible pleasure is that arising merely from the former. In short if you persist in your design to marry Miss Wyat, you will

will neither act like a man of honour, nor a man of humanity. With a woman so averse to you as she certainly is, you will not be happy yourself, but will make her truly miserable. Her affections are fixed on another man; most probably they will remain so; and her being compelled to give you her hand, will only serve to strengthen her abhorrence of you. Besides, the marriage which you are so desirous of consummating, may be productive of the keenest disquiet to yourself; for should the amiable woman, forced to be your wife, die, in consequence of her father's cruel disposal of her, you, as well as he, will, and with great appearance of reason, be deemed accessary to her death. There are different kinds of murder, and she whose life is sacrificed to the tyranny of her parents, is, according to the strict meaning, though not common usage of the word, murdered by them."

The few last words of Mr. Jacob's speech made such an impression upon Mr. Murray, that he went home fully resolved to relinquish his pretensions to a lady whom he could not make his wife without dooming her to misery, perhaps to death.

While he was going home with this laudable resolution, he was attacked by two ruffians, not many yards from his own door, who demanded his

money with much fierceness, and threatened to blow out his brains if he did not immediately produce all he had about him.

Mr. Murray, not thinking it prudent to make resistance, put his hand into his pocket; but not being so quick as he was expected to be, received a blow on the head, which deprived him of the use of his legs.

At that moment Lymington happened to come up, and seeing two very ill-looking fellows rifling a gentleman, who lay upon the ground, he made so good a use of a stout oaken stick, that the villains were soon glad to take to their heels. He then having raised the gentleman in whose defence he had exerted himself, conducted him to his house, and did not, on finding whom he had assisted, repent of what he had done.

"You are my rival, Sir, it is true, said he to Mr. Murray, but he who can see a fellow-creature in need of his aid, and suffer personal resentment to withold it, is not fit to live."

Mr. Murray, struck with the generous sentiments contained in that speech, expressed his acknowledgments in the most grateful terms; adding—I had, before this providential interposition of yours in my favour, Sir, determined to relinquish all pretentions to Miss Wyat, on her account, and on your account, and I am now

doubly

doubly determined to withdraw my addresses.—May you both be as happy in each other as you deserve to be!"

Soon afterwards the two rivals, now cordial friends, parted; and each of them retired to rest, quite satisfied with the conclusion of the evening.

Early the next morning Mr. Murray went to Mr. Wyat's, wishing to see Emily; but he was disappointed: she was gone to breakfast with Miss Spearman. However, as her father was at home, he desired to have a private interview with him; and when they were closeted, gave him a particular account of his rescue out of the hands of a couple of ruffians by Mr. Lymington.

"Lymington! replied Mr Wyat, hastily looking amazed.—What! Charles Lymington, with whom my daughter is ridiculously in love?"

"The same; and I do assure you that he deserves all her esteem, and all her affection. He saved my life last night, and his behaviour has convinced me that he will not disgrace your family by being your son-in-law."

Mr. Wyat, when he had recovered from his surprize, occasioned by Lymington's arrival in town, exclaimed with vehemence against his daughter's folly in being attached to such a man, and declared, with additional energy, that she should

should never be married to him. Mr. Murray took an infinite deal of pains to turn his resolution into another channel, and at last, partly by the strength of his arguments, and partly by the force of his intreaties, prevailed on him to consent to make his daughter happy with the man of her heart. Had Emily been acquainted with the result of this interview between her father and Mr Murray, whilst she was at breakfast with her friend, she would have felt herself relieved from a considerable load of disquiet, a load which rendered her utterly unable to receive that pleasure which she usually enjoyed in Miss Spearman's chearful society. The time now for the delivery of her decisive answer drew near, and the nearer it approached, the more painful were her sensations.

By an unexpected rencounter with an old fellow-collegian, whom he had not seen many years, Spearman was so transported, that he thought no more of the business which he had undertaken to transact for his friend Charles the next morning. He was indeed, the next morning absolutely incapable of transacting any business at all, having made too many libations to Bacchus to enjoy the use of his faculties. In plain English, he was brought to his apartments dead drunk, and was not in a condition to leave them·

them. He then hurried away to his sister's, and as soon as he got there, was ready to hang himself.

Charles, after having waited with an anxiety which he had never experienced before for the coming of his friend, to acquaint him with what passed in his visit to his sister, he grew, at length, much too impatient to stay where he was. His impatience was natural, but his precipitation was imprudent. Hastening to Miss Spearman's, he astonished both her and Miss Wyat extremely, by darting into the room in which they were at work. Emily's astonishment was accompanied with excessive joy, but that joy was fatal.—Sinking into the arms of her lover, thrown open to embrace her, in these arms she expired.

## SHE WAS IN THE WRONG.

### A MORAL TALE.

FOR her many virtues, and amiable qualities Lady Owen was deservedly esteemed; but she had also many failings, by which she excited laughter, and merited contempt. She was proud of

of her *family* to a violent degree, and carried her passions for precedence to a ridiculous excess. During the life of her husband, Sir Hugh, she was greatly encouraged by him to keep up her importance, as he plumed himself extremely upon his pedigree, and would not have married her, if she had not been descended from a long line of very respectable ancestors. For her ancestry, indeed, chiefly he married her, for she had little money; the patriotic indiscretions of her father having prevented him from giving her a fortune equal to her birth.

The death of Sir Hugh was a considerable blow to Lady Owen's pride, because she found herself unable ( as the estate which had supported her magnificent taste came into her son's possession,) to appear with the same lustre; she made as splendid an appearance, however, as she possibly could with her jointure, and would not bait an inch of her importance, of which she was exceedingly tenacious.

Among Lady Owen's virtues was her maternal affection; she was very fond of her son, and Sir Richard loved his mother with a sincerity truly commendable, as her behaviour to him from his infancy had fairly intitled her to all his filial regard. He could not help smiling, however when he saw her ruffled by any failure of respect; when

he

he saw her resentment, in consequence of an affront, operate upon her mind in a manner not the least becoming, he blushed.

Sir Richard, at his father's death, was just of age. Having been educated at home, he had not seen much of the world—when he became a baronet, and a landed man of great power in the county, he was necessarily obliged to make frequent excursions from the old castle in which he had been brought up under the immediate inspection of his parents. As he was in these excursions generally employed about the management of his affairs, he could not visit his mother (who had purchased a house near the castle for her residence,) so often as she wished for his company. For some time she, imputing the intervals between his visits to the real business which the inheritance of his fortune occasioned, was tolerably quiet, though not thoroughly satisfied. She was afraid, as he was quite young, open hearted, and inexperienced, that he might fall into imprudent connections. During an interval of an uncommon length, a new apprehension, added to her other fears, gave her no small uneasiness: she was painfully apprehensive of his being drawn in by an artful woman, of no *family*, to marry her. Harrassed by this additional terror she talked to him very seriously the

next time she saw him, about degrading marriages, and told him, that she hoped she should never behold *him* united to a woman whose *birth* was beneath his attention.

Sir Richard assured his mother that he had no thoughts of marrying at that time: "When I do marry, madam, added he, I shall certainly take care not to disgrace either *you or myself*, by the lady whom I chuse for my wife."

These words rendered Lady Owen perfectly easy about any matrimonial engagement, because she did not comprehend the full meaning of them. They were, indeed, equivocal. Sir Richard, not having the same absurd notions concerning *birth* as his mother had, did not imagine that he should *disgrace* his family, by uniting himself to a woman every way deserving, though without the slightest pretensions to any honours from the Herald's Office.

Sir Richard, soon after his above-mentioned declaration with regard to matrimony, found it necessary to take a journey to an estate he had in Cheshire. Before he set out he made a dutiful visit to his mother. At his departure from her, *she* renewed her apprehensions, and *he* repeatedly assured her that he would never marry a woman of whom he ought to be ashamed.

In a short time after his arrival at his Cheshire estate,

estate, Sir Richard met with a young lady in his neighbourhood, who attracted his eyes in a particular manner, and through them made an impression upon his heart: he saw, he heard, he loved. Her person did considerable execution, her conversation still more, and her behaviour fixed him. She had every thing but *family* to recommend her. Her personal charms were allowed by every body who beheld her to be striking, her intellectual accomplishments were, at once brilliant and solid, and her whole carriage was, in the strictest sense of the word, exemplary. She was the daughter of a gentleman, but she could not boast of the dignity of her descents, her father having been the first gentleman of his family.

Sir Richard being quite satisfied with Miss Newton's intrinsic worth, overlooking her want of fortune, as he was entirely contented with his own affluent circumstances, and not in the least dreaming about her *genealogical table*, determined to make his addresses to her.

He once thought of paying his mother the compliment to solicit her compliance; but imagining, on recollection, that her *family pride* would rise up in opposition to his requests, he resolved to proceed without consulting her upon the occasion, and to take his chance for a recon-

ciliation when his marriage with Miss Newton was consummated.

Having thus adjusted matters in his own mind, he went immediately to Miss Newton, in high spirits, because sure of success, as she had, he fancied, encouraged him to believe that she had no pre-engagement upon her hands, that she would think herself *honoured* as well as *happy* by an alliance with him.

She received him with her usual politeness, but disconcerted and chagrined him extremely by rejecting his generous overtures. He was disappointed, he was grieved; he had set his heart upon her for his wife, and he was totally unprepared for a repulse.

When he had recovered himself a little from the embarrassment into which her very genteel, but chilling refusal had thrown him, he said to her, "you have made me, madam, the unhappiest of men by your cruel answer. From your encouraging behaviour to me since I have had the pleasure of being acquainted with you, I flattered myself that I was not disagreeable to you, and that you was not pre-engaged. I have unfortunately deceived myself; I have been mistaken, and will not offend you in the same way."

Having spoken the few last words with a dejected tone, he bowed respectfully, and retired towards the door.

"Stay, Sir Richard," said she, rising just as he was going out of the room, "I cannot suffer you to leave me till I have given you the true reasons for my conduct, that you may not put any misconstruction upon it. I am under no engagement: I think myself honoured with your addresses, but I cannot listen to them, as I am well assured that Lady Owen will highly resent your marriage with me; such a degradation she will never forgive: I cannot think upon making a breach—a breach perhaps, never to be healed between her and you.

"My mother, madam, is I confess, to much under the influence of *family pride;* but you are so necessary to my happiness, that her displeasure is nothing in competition with your consent."

This reply did not produce an answer altogether agreeable to him; but he prevailed on her at last to gratify his ardent wishes, and to let him name the wedding-day.

The festivity of his wedding-day hindered Sir Richard from considering in what manner the news of his marriage, without her approbation, without her knowledge, indeed, would affect his mother. The next morning, when reflection succeeded to rapture, he began to wish that he had not acted with so much precipitation.

Not chusing, however, to make an abrupt appearance

pearance before her with his bride, he wrote a very dutiful and submissive letter.

Lady Owen, enraged at the pursual of her son's letter, tore it into a thousand pieces. Her answer was short and severe.

Sir Richard read it with the greatest concern. Having taken an affectionate leave of his bride, he hurried to his mother's house, without stoping at his own.

He begged to see her in the most earnest terms, but he received answers from her, which stabbed him to the soul.

Finding it impossible to procure an interview with his unrelenting mother, he returned to his castle, and was immediately put to bed. The anguish of his mind, ad ed to the inflamed state of his body, occasioned by a very fatiguing journey, soon made the physicians, who attended him, dispair of his life.

When Lady Owen heard that her son was really in a very dangerous condition, her heart was softened, all her maternal affection returned, and she resolved to go to pronounce her pardon with her own lips, though she was herself extremely ill; hoping that, as her resentment had been so deeply felt by him, her repentance might give a happy turn to his disorder, and promote his recovery.

With

With these laudable sensations, she set out to the castle, but she came too late. Sir Richard expired a few minutes before her arrival: his last words were, " cruel mother."

Lady Owen was inconceivably shocked upon the melancholy occasion. From the moment she was acquainted with her son's death she looked upon herself as the cause of it, and was in a short time interred in the same vault with him.

## AN INSTANCE OF FRIENDSHIP.

AT the siege of Bridgenorth Castle, in the reign of Henry II. which was defended by Roger de Mortimer, the King exposed himself to so much danger, that he would have been slain, if a faithful vassal had not prefered his sovereign's life to his own. For, while he was busied in giving orders too near the wall, Hubert de St. Clare, constable or governor of Colchester Castle, who stood by his side, seeing an arrrow aimed

aimed at Henry, by one of Mortimer's archers, stepped before him, and received it in his own breast.—The wound was mortal: he expired in the arms of his master, recommending his daughter (an only child and an infant) to the care of that Prince. It is hard to say which most deserves admiration; a subject who died to save his King, or a King whose personal virtues could render his safety so dear to a subject whom he had not obliged by any extraordinary favours. The daughter of Hubert was educated by Henry, with all the affection that he owed to the memory of her father; and, when she had attained to maturity, was honourably married to William de Longueville, a nobleman of great distinction, on condition of his taking the name of St. Clare, which the grateful Henry was desirous to perpetuate.

REFLEC-

## REFLECTIONS UPON THE SPRING.

HOW delightful to a philoſophic mind is the firſt dawning of the ſpring! when the orient ſun diffuſes but a partial lumination, and ſaffrons over the ſkies with a ſoft and indeciſive haze: when the zephyr but gently breathes, as if afraid to diſturb the tranquillity of nature: when the timid birds ſcarcely dare to innovate their ſong, as if awaiting a ſuperior influence to warrant their unattempted minſtrelſy! when the petals, ſhining with dew, or depreſſed by the pearly moiſture of the ſhower, unfold, with coy reſerve, their velvet cups, and, with modeſt blandiſhment, retire from the kiſs of Zephyr; when every thing that feels, that moves, that lives, has different ideas of perception, and different organs of delight! I have always conſidered this delicious ſeaſon of the year as the renovator, not only of the vegetable, but of the animal ſyſtem. As the incipient ſap diffuſes itſelf from the ſtem through the branches, and the leaves, and through the moſt attentuated fibres of vegetation; ſo the blood, long frozen by the winter, and torpid from inaction, diluted by the ſun, and awakened into fluidity, is felt to invigorate the heart, and to meander through the different receptacles of animation. No part of the human body, be the channels of communication ever ſo

minute; not a hair upon the head, however imperceptible may be the tube by which it is conveyed, but what is more or leſs viſited by the impulſion of this matter, whlch formed of globules, and ſome more diminutive than others, performs its regular revolutions, unleſs interrupted for a time by accidents or diſeaſe. For as perſons in health are themſelves the producers of this wonderful fluid, ſo the plant, from the peculiar conformation of its parts, prepares from the juices of a ſalubrious and fertile earth, and the benign influence of the ſurrounding atmoſphere, the hidden ſources of its future growth and maturity.

It is curious, it is amuſing to trace the progreſs of a plant from the firſt budding of the root, until it attains a ſtate of perfection; to obſerve its exertions and its ſtruggles, the enemies it has to encounter, the viciſſitudes it has to undergo, and the injuries and diſeaſes to which, like human creatures it is continually ſubject.

But having overcome all impediments, and puſhed forward with ſtrength and vigour, how glorioufly at length doth it adorn our gardens and our fields; with what luſtral hues attach, with what painted beauty enchant the ſight; and what a variety of odours and a richneſs of perfume doth it not diſperſe to embalm the air.

Can

Can any object afford a more tranquil pleaſure to the eye than the level plain when richly carpeted by graſs, and bending under the viſitations of the breeze, or its verdant breaſt arrayed by the tranſient gleamings of the ſunſhine? Can any thing be more delightful to him who contemplates and admires the wonders of creation, even in the moſt humble productions of the earth, than the ſwelling hill, parterred with flowers, their variegated cups enameled with dew, or their ſilken veſtments declining beneath the ſhower, and every colour dipped in opal hues?

When the rain-bow throws her ſoftened arch acroſs the brook, illuminates the moſſy ſhades, or paints the cottage with priſmatic dyes?

At ſuch a time, and under ſuch impreſſions, the active colt, his ears erect, his mane uplifted by the air, and his ample tail wide flowing as he runs, is ſeen to bound acroſs the paſture: the bellowing herds expatiate over the meads: the ſportive lambkins alternately diſdain and court their deluded dams: while the frolickſome kids hang pendent over the precipice; or leap in playful mood from rock to rock.

The vocal choriſters, amidſt the woods, the groves and the ſhrubs enlivened by the ſeaſon, and

attentive to the calls of inſtinct and delight, with harmonious ſongs awaken the day, or with tuneful oriſons anticipate the night.

Not a branch is ſeen that is not made animate by their rivalſhip and ſports; and, at this ſeductive period, with one conſentaneous voice all nature breathes throughout her vallies and her glades, her deſerts, and her plains, no other ſounds but thoſe of harmony and love.

And yet the ſpring returns not to ſome men without diſquietude and fear: diſquietude when they reflect upon the paſt, and fear when they are obliged to look forward to futurity.

It awakens likewiſe the remembrance of ſcenes that are loſt, of pleaſures that are gone by, and of friendſhips that are no more. It teaches them to meaſure their preſent comforts with thoſe they have formerly enjoyed."

To contraſt the ideas of happineſs and peace with thoſe of diſappointment and privation; and of health, hilarity, and youth, with thoſe importunate mementos of the grave—diſeaſe, debility, and age, with all the troubles and the cares ſo woefully attached to this tremendous ſcene; the melancholy cloſe, and the laſt ſad ſigh of human exiſtence.

Yet,

Yet, even to a melancholy mind, deprived of its enjoyments and its bleſſings here, and ſolitary amidſt the mirth and the gaieties of wealth and diſſipation, yet, even to a mind like this, there ariſes a conſcientious rapture from the anticipation of a future ſtate. Is a man, advanced in age, and trembling under infirmity and diſeaſe, obliged to lament the premature diſſolution of an only ſon, the conſolation of his hopes, and the ſupport of his declining years?

Where can he look for peace, but by following the departed object of his wiſhes beyond the confines of the earth, and in the well founded hope of a bleſſed hereafter?

Has a huſband been deprived of a wife, aſſiduous in ſickneſs, affectionate and ſympathetic, tender in diſappointment and misfortune, and endowed with every grace of perſon, every accompliſhment of mind, and every virtue of the heart?

How can he fill up the inſenſible void of exiſtence, after a loſs thus irreparable, and thus afflictive!

Reverting to the bleſſings that are annihilated, he looks forward to eternity, ſupported only by that aſſuaſive conſolation which teaches him to hope

hope that they are to meet again in a ſtate of fruition; and in that happy ſtate to be united, and oh! ineffably prophetic! to be diſjoined no more.

THE

## *Contented Country Maid.*

WHAT happineſs the rural maid attends,
In chearful labour while each day ſhe ſpends:
She gratefully receives what Heav'n has ſent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content.
She ſeldom feels the ſpleen's imagin'd pains,
Nor melancholy ſtagnates in her vains;
She rarely loſes life in thoughtleſs eaſe,
Nor on the velvet couch invites diſeaſe.
Her home-ſpun dreſs in ſimple neatneſs lies,
And for no glaring equipage ſhe ſighs.
Her reputation, which is all her boaſt,
In a malicious viſit ne'er was loſt.
No midnight maſquerade her beauty wears,
And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.
If love and quiet in her boſom reign,
And like enjoyment in her happy ſwain,
No home-bred jars her quiet ſtate controul,

Nor

Nor watchful jealouſy torments her ſoul.
With ſecret joys ſhe ſees her little race
Reſt on her knee, and her ſmall cottage grace:
The fleecy ball their buſy fingures cull,
Or from the ſpindle draw the length'ning wool;
Thus flow her hours with conſtant peace of mind,
Till age the lateſt thread of life unwind.

## PRAISE TO GOD.

O THOU, ſupremely wiſe; ſupremely good?
Whoſe ways are like th' unfathomable flood,
Grant me to celebrate thy glorious name,
'Till death diſſolves this late preſerved frame.
And when this earth ſhall haſten to decay,
When ſeas ſhall burn, and mountains melt away,
When ſuns and ſtars, in wild confuſion hurl'd,
Now cruſh each other, now deſtroy a world;
May I reſume the ſacred theme above,
For ever praiſe thee, and for ever love!

# ON GENIUS AND TASTE.

ALL arts having the ſame general end, which is to pleaſe, and addreſſing themſelves to the ſame faculties through the medium of the ſenſes, it follows that their rules and principles muſt have as great affinity as the different materials and the different organs or vehicles by which they paſs to the mind, will permit them to retain.

We may therefore conclude, that the real ſubſtance, as it may be called, of what goes under the name of taſte, is fixed and eſtabliſhed in the nature of things; that there are certain and regular cauſes by which the imagination and paſſions of men are affected; and that the knowledge of theſe cauſes is acquired by a laborious and diligent inveſtigation of nature, and by the ſame ſlow progreſs as wiſdom or knowledge of every kind, however inſtantaneous its operations may appear when thus acquired.

It has been often obſerved, that the good and virtuous man alone can acquire this true or juſt reliſh even of works of art. This opinion will not appear entirely without foundation, when we conſider that the ſame habit of mind which is acquired by

by our ſearch after truth in the more ſerious duties of life, is only transferred to the purſuit of lighter amuſements.

The ſame diſpoſition, the ſame deſire to find ſomething ſteady, ſubſtantial and durable, on which the mind can lean, as it were, and reſt with ſafety.

The ſubject only is changed. We purſue the ſame method in our ſearch after the idea of beauty and perfection in each; of virtue, by looking forward beyond ourſelves to ſociety, and to the whole; of arts, by extending our views in the ſame manner to all ages and at all times.

Every art, like our own, has in its compoſition fluctuating as well as fixed principles. It is an attentive enquiry into their difference that will enable us to determine how far we are influenced by cuſtom and habit, and what is fixed in the nature of things.

To diſtinguiſh how much has ſolid foundation, we may have recourſe to the ſame proof by which ſome hold wit ought to be tried; whether it preſerves itſelf when tranſlated. That wit is falſe which can ſubſiſt only in one language; and that picture which pleaſes only one age or one nation, owes its reception to ſome local or accidental aſſociation of ideas.

We may apply this to every cuſtom and habit

of life. Thus the general principles of urbanity, politeneſs, or civility, have been ever the ſame in all nations; but the mode in which they are dreſſed is continually varying. The general idea of ſhewing reſpect is by making yourſelf leſs; but the manner, whether by bowing the body, kneeling, proſtration, pulling off the upper part of dreſs, or taking away the lower, is a matter of habit. It would be unjuſt to conclude that all ornaments, becauſe they were at firſt arbitrarily contrived, are therefore undeſerving of our attention; on the contrary, he who neglects the cultivation of thoſe ornaments, acts contrarily to nature and reaſon. As life would be imperfect without its higheſt ornaments the arts, ſo theſe arts themſelves would be imperfect without their ornaments.

Though we by no means ought to rank theſe with poſitive and ſubſtantial beauties, yet it muſt be allowed that a knowledge of both is eſſentially requiſite towards forming a complete, whole perfect taſte. It is in reality from the ornaments that arts receive their peculiar character and complexion; we may add, that in them we find characteriſtical marks of a national taſte, as by throwing up a feather in the air, we know which way the wind blows, better than by a more heavy matter.

The ſtriking diſtinction between the works of the Romans, Bolognian and Venetian ſchools, conſiſts

conſiſts more in that general effect which is produced by colours, than in the more profound excellencies of the art; at leaſt it is from thence that each is diſtinguiſhed and known at firſt ſight. As it is the ornaments, rather than the proportions of architecture, which at firſt glance diſtinguiſh the different orders from each other; the Doric is known by its triglyphs, the Ionic by its volutes, and the Corinthian by its acanthus.

Taſte in dreſs is certainly one of the loweſt ſubjects to which this word is applied; yet there is a right even here, however narrow its foundation reſpecting the faſhion of any particular nation. But we have ſtill more ſlender means of determining, in regard to the different cuſtoms of different ages or countries, to which to give the preference, ſince they ſeem to be all equally removed from nature.

If an European, when he has cut off his beard, and put falſe hair on his head, or bound up his own natutal hair in regular knots, as unlike nature as he can poſſibly make it; and having rendered them immoveable by the help of the fat of hogs, has covered the whole with flour, laid on by a machine with the utmoſt regularity; if when thus attired he iſſues forth, and meets a Cherokee Indian, who has beſtowed as much time at his toilet, and laid on with equal care and attention his yel-

low and red oker on particular parts of his forehead or cheeks, as he judges moſt becoming; whoever deſpiſes the other for this attention to the faſhion of his country; which ever of theſe two firſt feels himſelf provoked to laugh, is the barbarian.

All theſe faſhions are very innocent, neither worth diſquiſition, nor any endeavour to alter them, as the change would, in all probability, be equally diſtant from nature. The only circumſtances againſt which indignation may reaſonably be moved, is where the operation is painful or deſtructive of health, ſuch as is practiſed at Otaheite, and the ſtraight-lacing of the Engliſh ladies; of the laſt of which, how deſtructive it muſt be to health and long life, the profeſſor of anatomy took an opportunity of proving a few years ſince in his academy.

It is in dreſs as in things of greater conſequence. Faſhions originate from thoſe only who have the high and powerful advantages of rank, birth, and fortune. As many of the ornament of art, thoſe at leaſt for which no reaſon can be given, are tranſmitted to us, are adopted, and acquire their conſequence from the company in which we have been uſed to ſee them. As Greece and Rome are the fountains from whence have flowed all kinds of excellence, to that veneration which they

they have a right to claim for the pleaſure and knowledge which they have afforded us, we voluntarily add our approbation of every ornament and every cuſtom that belonged to them, even to the faſhion of their dreſs. For it may be obſerved that, not ſatisfied with them in their own place, we make no difficulty of dreſſing ſtatues of modern heroes or ſenators in the faſhion of the Roman armour or peaceful robe: we go ſo far as hardly to bear a ſtatue in any other drapery.

The figures of the great men of thoſe nations have come down to us in ſculpture. In ſculpture remain almoſt all the excellent ſpecimens of ancient art. We have ſo far aſſociated perſonal dignity to the perſons thus repreſented, and the truth of art to their manner of repreſentation, that it is not in our power any longer to ſeparate them. This is not ſo in painting; becauſe having no excellent ancient portraits, that connection was never formed. Indeed we could no more venture to paint a general officer in a Roman military habit, than we could make a ſtatue in the uniform. But ſince we have no ancient portraits, to ſhew how ready we are to adopt thoſe kind of prejudices, we make the beſt authority among the moderns ſerve the ſame purpoſe. The great variety of excellent portraits with which Vandyke has enriched this nation, we are not content to admire for their

real

real excellence, but extend our approbation even to the dreſs which happened to the faſhion of that age. We all very well remember how common it was a few years ago for portraits to be drawn in this Gothic dreſs, and this cuſtom is not yet entirely laid aſide. By this means it muſt be acknowledged very ordinary pictures acquired ſomething of the air and effect of the works of Vandyke, and appeared therefore at firſt ſight to be better pictures than they really were; they appeared ſo however, to thoſe only who had the means of making this aſſociation, for when made, it was irreſiſtible. But this aſſociation is nature, and refers to that ſecondary truth that comes from conformity to general prejudice and opinion: it is therefore not merely fantaſtical. Beſides the prejudice which we have in favour of ancient dreſſes, there may be likewiſe other reaſons, amongſt which we may juſtly rank the ſimplicity of them, conſiſting of little more than one ſingle piece of drapery, without thoſe whimſical capricious forms by which all other dreſſes are embarraſſed.

Thus, though it is from the prejudice we have in favour of the ancients, who have taught us architecture, that we have adopted their ornaments; and though we are ſatisfied that neither nature nor reaſon are the foundation of thoſe beauties which we imagine we ſee in that art, yet

if

if any one perſuaded of this truth ſhould therefore invent new orders of equal beauty, which we will ſuppoſe to be poſſible, yet they would not pleaſe nor ought he to complain, ſince the old has that great advantage of having cuſtom and prejudice on its ſide. In this caſe we leave what has every prejudice in its favour, to take that which will have no advantage over what we have left, but novelty, which ſoon deſtroys itſelf, and at any rate is but a weak antagoniſt againſt cuſtom.

Theſe ornaments having the right of poſſeſſion, ought not to be removed, but to make room for not only what has higher pretenſions, but ſuch pretenſions as will balance the evil and confuſion which innovation always brings with it.

To this we may add, even the durability of the materials will often contribute to give a ſuperiority to one ſubject over another. Ornaments in buildings, with which taſte is principally concerned, are compoſed of materials which laſt longer than thoſe of which dreſs is compoſed; it therefore makes higher pretenſions to our favour and prejudice.

Some attention is ſurely required to what we can no more get rid of than we can go out of ourſelves. We are creatures of prejudice; we neither can or ought to eradicate it; we muſt only regulate it by reaſon, which regulation by reaſon, is indeed little more than obliging the leſſer, the

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local

local and temporary prejudices, to give way to thoſe which are more durable and laſting.

He therefore who in his practice of portrait painting wiſhes to dignify his ſubject, which we will ſuppoſe to be a lady, will not paint her in the modern dreſs, the familiarity of which alone is ſufficient to deſtroy all dignity. He takes care that his work ſhall correſpond to thoſe ideas and that imagination which he knows will regulate the judgment of others; and therefore dreſſes his figure ſomething with the general air of the antique, for the ſake of dignity, and preſerves ſomething of the modern for the ſake of likeneſs. By this conduct his works correſpond with thoſe prejudices which we have in favour of what we continually ſee; and the reliſh of the antique ſimplicity correſponds with what we may call the more learned and ſcientific prejudice.

There was a ſtatue made not long ſince of Voltaire, which the ſculptor, not having that reſpect for the prejudices of mankind which he ought to have, has made entirely naked, and as meagre and emaciated as the original is ſaid to be. The conſequence is what might be expected; it has remained in the ſculptor's ſhop, though it was intended as a public ornament and a public honour to Voltaire, as it was procured at the expence of his contemporary wits and admirers.

Whoever

Whoever would reform a nation, ſuppoſing a bad taſte to prevail in it, will not accompliſh his purpoſe by going directly againſt the ſtream of their prejudices. Men's minds muſt be prepared to receive what is new to them. Reformation is a work of time. A national taſte, however wrong it may be, cannot be totally changed at once; we muſt yield a little to the prepoſſeſſion which has taken hold on the mind, and, we may then bring people to adopt what would offend them, if endeavoured to be introduced by ſtorm. When Battiſto Franco was employed, in conjunction with Titian, Paul Veroneſe, and Tintoret, to adorn the library of St. Mark, his work, Vaſari ſays, gave leſs ſatisfaction than any of the others: the dry manner of the Roman ſchool was very ill calculated to pleaſe eyes that had been accuſtomed to the luxuriancy, ſplendor, and richneſs of Venetian colouring. Had the Romans been the judges of this work, probably the determination would have been juſt contrary; for in the more noble parts of the art, Battiſto Franco was perhaps not inferior to any of his rivals.

## A LITTLE ODE TO A LITTLE MAID,

ON

*Her first going out after her Birth.*

LITTLE zephyrs, loves, and graces,
Bid each chilling wind be laid,
Shelter'd in your warm embraces,
See where comes my little maid.
With your guardian wings protect her,
Every motion hover o'er;
Thro' her little path direct her,
She ne'er ventur'd out before.
Forth ſhe comes, a new born creature,
How her little blue eyes range!
Wonder ſits on every feature,
All around is gay and ſtrange.
Could'ſt thou, little maid, but paint me,
What thy little fancy warms,
Or thy little tongue acquaint me
'Midſt this glitter what moſt charms.
To a ſtranger all's inviting,
All a morning beauty wears;
Be the world, as now, delighting,
Taſte its joys, but not its cares!
Pity, gentleſt child of Heav'n,
Little maid will thee attend;
Innocence is alſo given
As thy guardian, as thy friend.

She ſhall wake thy heart to pleaſures,
Such as virtue can diſcloſe;
Give thee love and friendſhip's treaſures,
Strew thy path with many a roſe.
As in years, in wiſdom growing,
Never from her ſide depart;
Thro' thy future life ſtill ſhewing
She had form'd thy youthful heart.
Let the falſe world ne'er confound thee,
From its vices turn thine ear;
Shun the bad examples round thee
Give them but a ſigh!—a tear!
Thus ſelf-guarded, thus defended,
Thy experience ſhall confeſs,
Spite of what's by fools pretended,
Virtue is true happineſs!
Such a blameleſs tract purſuing,
Thy perfection's ſenſe ſhall tell;
Oft this little ode reviewing,
Little maid, I wiſh thee well.

## *The Phrensy of Love; or the Story of Roderigo and Maria.*

RODERIGO was the ſon of a rich merchant of Briſtol; he was brought up to the mercantile buſineſs, and at a proper period admitted

a partner with his father. In this ſituation he became acquainted with Maria, a young lady who lived in the neighbourhood. She was the daughter of a captain, who had commanded a ſhip that traded from Briſtol to Africa; but being unfortunately taken by a French frigate at the beginning of the American war, he loſt the greateſt part of his fortune which was on board, and which was deſtined for a dower to his beloved Maria. She bore the information of this misfortune with uncommon fortitude; but was greatly affected with the fate of her father, who was confined in a priſon at Bourdeaux, and who had ſcarce the common neceſſaries of life allowed him to ſubſiſt on.

It was at this critical period that Roderigo and Maria had pledged their hands to each other.—Their hearts were already united.

His father had given his conſent to the match, and nothing was wanting but the captain's return to make them completely happy. Alas! the fatal intelligence of his being captured, and the known conſequences of his cruel fate, diſperſed a general gloom over the intended fond pair. Roderigo's father no ſooner learned that Maria was diveſted of her portion, than he interdicted any further correſpondence between her and his ſon. His mandates were, however, ineffectual, and they had frequent interviews in private; but the treachery

of

of a ſervant maid, for the ſake of a bribe, revealed the ſecret to the old man, who was at the ſame time informed that they were upon the point of an elopement to Scotland, on a matrimonial plan.

Gripus no ſooner learned their deſign, than he reſolved, at all events to prevent it. As gold was the luſt of his ſoul, he had no paſſion, no ſenſation, but what centered in it, and inhumanly reſolved to ſacrifice his ſon's felicity to avarice. He accordingly got Roderigo preſſed, and ſent on board a King's ſhip, thinking, that in the courſe of a voyage he would forget, or ſurmount his fond, fooliſh paſſion for Maria. But the caſe was very different—Her mental attractions, as well as her perſonal charms, were ſo irreſiſtible, that they had fixed an indelible impreſſion of beauty, ſenſe, and taſte upon the unfortunate Roderigo.

To expreſs the excruciating tortures of Maria's mind upon this occaſion would be impoſſible.—If ever, reader, thou haſt felt the moſt tender paſſion, with all the ſenſations of the moſt perfect mutual love, then mayeſt thou frame ſome faint idea of her delicate, her racking ſituation! but if thus expoſed to the wheel of deſpair with the moſt refined ſenſibility—what muſt have been the dreadful ſhock at hearing of her Roderigo's death—his being killed in an engagement! Nature ſhudders at the thought, and compels us to drop the pen in com-

paſſion

paſſion to the reader! Even the obdurate breaſt of Gripus was not quite callous at this event; and as ſome ſmall atonement for his crimes, cauſed a ſumptuous mauſoleum to be erected to his ſon's memory.

As to the miſerable Maria, ſhe was ere now, deprived of her ſenſes.—Reaſon was unequal to the taſk of ſupporting ſuch variegated calamities; and Gripus, conſcious of his guilt, became frantic, and in a paroxyſm of pungent remorſe, put a period to that exiſtence, which had been a tiſſue of avarice and barbarity.

Maria was now confined in a private mad houſe —where ſhe remained for ſome time: but, at length, finding an opportunity in one of her lucid intervals to make her eſcape, ſhe repaired to the tomb of her beloved Roderigo, and gave a full ſcope to her melancholy.

We would willingly at this period, cloſe the ſcene, but our readers will expect the ſequel of this pitious tale!

At this very juncture Maria's father returned to England, being exchanged by the cartel, and had ſcarce landed, before he learned that a diſtant relation had died, and left him a very ample fortune. With theſe joyful tidings for his dear girl, he ſet off for Briſtol; but upon the road was made acquainted with the fatal ſtory we have juſt related.

His

His former misfortunes were nothing to his ſufferings upon this occaſion.

After making the ſtricteſt enquiry for Maria, he at length traced her to the tomb, where ſhe was juſt expiring thro' famine, having received no kind of nutriment for ſeveral days. He claſped her in his arms, when ſhe had juſt ſenſe enough remaining to know her father, and expired.

We will not attempt to depict the ſorrow and anguiſh of the good old man, ſuffice it to ſay, they were too powerful for the human frame to ſupport, and that he paid the great debt of nature ſoon after, occaſioned by grief and a broken heart.

## ANECDOTE
OF
## CHARLES V. EMPEROR of GERMANY.

CHARLES V. Emperor of Germany, being eager in the purſuit of a ſtag, loſt his company, and killed the ſtag two miles from Madrid, when, an old country fellow happening to come by with an aſs and a load of wood, he offered to give him more than the wood was worth, if he would carry the ſtag to Madrid, to which the countryman merrily anſwered, "By the Lord, friend, I believe

lieve you are a fool: you ſee the ſtag is heavier than the aſs and wood together, and yet you would have the poor aſs to carry him: it were better that you, who are a luſty fellow, ſhould carry them both." The Emperor was pleaſed with the reply; and whilſt he waited for his company, fell into diſcourſe with the old man, aſking him, How many Kings he had known? the peaſant replied, I have lived under five kings; John, his ſon Henry, King Ferdinand, King Phillip, and this Charles.'— "Which of them, father," ſays the Emperor, "was the beſt, and which the worſt?"—'There is no doubt to be made,' replied the old man, 'but Ferdinand was the beſt; and who the worſt, I ſha'n't ſay: but he we have now is bad enough; always rambling to Italy, Germany, and Flanders, carrying all the money out of Spain, and though his revenues are great enough to conquer the world, yet he is always laying on new taxes, ſo that we poor countrymen are quite beggared." The Emperor, finding the fellow was in earneſt, began to plead his own cauſe the beſt he could, without diſcovering himſelf, till his company came up: when the countryman, ſeeing the reſpect they ſhowed him, ſaid, 'It were pleaſant if it ſhould prove to be the King; but, had I known it, I would have ſaid much more." The Emperor was ſo far from

from being diſpleaſed with the diſcourſe, that he gave the old man a ſum of money, and ſettled a portion on his daughter.

## INSTANCE OF FLATTERY.

PRUSIAS, King of Bythynia, being come to Rome to make the ſenate and Roman people his compliments of congratulation upon the good ſucceſs of the war againſt Perſius, diſhonoured the royal dignity by abject flattery. At his reception by the deputies appointed by the ſenate for that purpoſe, he appeared with his head ſhaved, and with the cap, habit, ſhoes and ſtockings of a ſlave made free; and, ſaluting the deputies, "You ſee" ſaid he, "one of your freed men ready to fulfil whatever you ſhall chooſe to command, and to conform entirely to all your cuſtoms." When he entered the ſenate he ſtopped at the door, facing the ſenators, who ſat, and proſtrating himſelf, kiſſed the threſhold: Afterwards, addreſſing himſelf to the aſſembly, "I ſalute you, gods, preſervers," cried he; and went on with a diſcourſe ſuitable to that prelude. Polybius ſays that he was aſhamed to repeat it, and well he might; for that baſe deportment, at leaſt, diſhonoured the ſenate as much, who ſuffered, as the prince who acted it.

## ANECDOTE OF SHAKESPEARE.

EVERY circumſtance relative to a diſtinguiſhed character ought to be preſerved. That Shakeſpeare was of an amorous conſtitution, has been repeatedly told us; but as to his particular connections with the fair, we are almoſt wholly in the dark. The following adventure is authentic, and, we believe new to the world: one evening, when the tragedy of Richard III. was to be acted, the Poet obſerved a ſmart damſel trip behind the ſcenes, and ſlily whiſper to Burbidge (a favorite Player, and an intimate of Shakeſpeare, who was to perform the part of Richard) that her maſter had gone out of town in the morning: that her miſtreſs would be glad of his company after the play, and that ſhe begged to know what ſignal he would uſe? "Three taps on the door, my dear, and *'Tis I Richard the Third*," was the anſwer of Burbidge. The girl decamped: and Shakeſpeare, whoſe curioſity was ſufficiently excited, followed her ſteps till he ſaw her enter a houſe in the city. On enquiry in the neighbourhood, he found that the owner of the manſion was a wealthy merchant, but ſuperannuated, and exceedingly jealous of his young wife. At length the hour of rendezvous approached; and the Poet having given the appointed ſignal, &c. obtained inſtant

inſtant admittance. Nothing could equal the indignation of the lady when ſhe found herſelf in the arms of a ſtranger. He flattered and vowed; ſhe frowned and ſtormed: but it was not in woman to reſiſt the ſoft eloquence of a Shakeſpeare. In a word the Bard ſupplanted the Player: he had even attained the ſummit of bliſs, before the repreſentative of Richard appeared. No ſooner had he given the appointed taps, than Shakeſpeare, putting out his head from the window, demanded his buſineſs; "Tis I, Richard the Third," replied the impatient Burbidge. "Richard!" rejoined the other: "Knave be gone! Know that William the Conqueror reigned before Richard the Third."

THE

## *Triumph and Punishment of Deceit.*

A MORAL TALE.

NEITHER man nor angel can diſcern
Hypocriſy, the only evil that walks
Inviſible, except to God alone,
By his permiſſive will, thro' heav'n and earth:
And oft tho' wiſdom wakes, ſuſpicion ſleeps
At wiſdom's gate, while goodneſs thinks no ill,
Where no ill ſeems.

It is much to be lamented that we cannot go through the world, without being continually on our guard againſt thoſe whoſe life is a life of diſſimulation; who plume themſelves upon their ſuperior cunning, when they ought to be reprobated for their execrable addreſs in deceiving mankind by the duplicity of their conduct.

The following tale is founded upon a Roman anecdote; but the readers of it are deſired to obſerve, that the hero of it lived at a time when hypocriſy was as faſhionable as it can poſſibly be in the preſent age; when the majority of his countrymen had been poliſhed out of their virtues by their conqueſts, and when the republic was enfeebled by a general corruption, haſtening to its diſſolution.

Corvinus was of a good family, but as his parents had impoveriſhed themſelves by ſome of the moſt amiable qualifications, which prompted them to believe that their friends and their acquaintances were all as virtuous as themſelves, they could not beſtow a great deal upon his education. However, as he was of an ambitious turn, he acquired, by a cloſe inſpection into men and things, and indefatigable attention to the knowledge of the world, a number of accompliſhments, which proved highly ſerviceable to him, and ſtimulated him to numerous undertakings, which he never would have

have thought of, had he not been filled with "high conceits engendering pride.

Corvinus having ſtrongly recommended himſelf to Cicero by his abilities for the Forum and the field, was in that great orator's train, when he ſet out upon his Aſian expedition, in a military character; accompanied him to Epheſus, and arrived with him at Laodicea; but there, on Cicero's giving him a poſt as commander in chief, which was by no means equal to his expectations, he threw up his commiſſion, determining, to ſeek his fortune in another ſhape. Accordingly, from the accounts communicated to him by ſome Galatian noblemen, and from preſſing invitations, he repaired to the court of Deiotarus. By him he was graciouſly received as a Roman, and as a young man who, with a very promiſing appearance, was alſo powerfully recommended to his notice.

Corvinus being a man extremely ſhrewd and inſinuating, made himſelf careſſed by both ſexes. Equally fitted by nature and art, for the camps of Mars and Venus, he met with a flattering reception in the politeſt circles in Galatia, and had ſome arrangements upon his hands, which a Frenchman of the firſt faſhion would have boaſted with no ſmall ſelf-ſatisfaction. Corvinus, however, was not ſatisfied with the ſhadowy parts of gallantry; he wiſhed, by a capital ſtroke among the women of fortune,

fortune, with whom he mixed, to bring him upon a footing with thoſe to whom he was forced to make ſubmiſſions (not entirely to his taſte, as he had a ſtrong reliſh for independence) for the figure he deemed neceſſary to ſupport, in order to ſmooth his way to a ſituation which would exempt him from any compliance with the humour of another when it was not agreeable to his own; but as he derived conſiderable advantages from his accommodations, he, like a penetrating politician, reſolved not to throw away the net of policy, till the fiſh, for which he ſpread it, were ſecured.

Among the Galatian noblemen to whom Corvinus rendered himſelf a pleaſing companion, by entering into all their parties with the verſatility and happy eaſe of an Ariſtippus (ready like him to fall in with the humours of the different characters with whom he aſſociated, and like him poſſeſſed of thoſe ſoft parts of converſation particularly calculated to make an impreſſion upon the fair ſex) was Marcus Agathus, a ſenator of diſtinguiſhed talents, and diſtinguiſhed worth. To him he attached himſelf with redoubled aſſiduity, and ſtudied him like a claſſic.

Agathus was a man in the higheſt degree amiable and reſpectable; he had done eminent ſervices to his country with his tongue and his ſword, by the diſplay of his eloquence at home, by the exertion

of

of his courage abroad. It is impoſſible to meet with an immaculate human being; but few men had fewer ſpots than Agathus: failings he certainly had; yet they were venial ones, as they did not appear to reſult from a corrupted heart, but from the natural impetuoſity of his temper at ſome times, and from the natural credulity of his diſpoſition at others. Happily for him he had large poſſeſſions, or the expences into which he was frequently hurried, by purſuits not to be indulged at a cheap rate, would have reduced him to an indigent ſtate.

Of all the men in Galatia, Agathus was the fitteſt for Corvinus's purpoſe. Credulous to an exceſs, and generous to an extreme, he was ever diſpoſed to believe the tale which his favourite fabricated, to raiſe the neceſſary ſupplies for his pocket; and while his ears were open to his artful narrations, his purſe was never cloſed againſt his concluding demands.

Agathus had ſo high an opinion, indeed, of Corvinus's fidelity, that he treated him not only as a deſirable companion, but as a confidential friend, and gave him a clue to the inmoſt receſſes of his heart. It was in conſequence of this confidence that he made a diſcovery of the paſſion which he felt for a beautiful Roman lady, which was the more painful to him, as he had no hopes

of

of arriving at the gratification of his deſires, from her being a married woman.

Agathus having a few years before the arrival of Corvinus in Galatia, made a tour to Rome, in order to be preſent at a very grand military exhibition, met with uncommon civilities from ſeveral eminent perſons, and among the reſt, he was entertained in the moſt hoſpitable manner by Lucius Lupinus, lately married to one of the handſomeſt women in Italy, according to the general voice. In the houſe of this hoſpitable Roman, Agathus reſided ſoon after his appearance in the capital, at his particular requeſt; and by the winning deportment of Antonia, which conſiderably increaſed the power of her perſonal charms, his reſidence in it was doubly delightful. Tranſporting were his pleaſures upon the occaſion, but they were interrupted by piercing diſquietudes; the diſquietudes originating from hopeleſs love.

Antonia, while ſhe appeared in the eyes of Agathus as an object not to be looked at without the ſtrongeſt ſenſations of the amorous kind, appeared alſo in thoſe eyes an object truly deſerving of pity. Inexpreſſibly alluring from her youth and from her beauty, ſhining at once a Venus and a Hebe, ſhe had been compelled, by an avaritious and ambitious father, to unite herſelf to Lupinus in the bands of Hymen. Without murmuring at the ſeverity

verity of her lot, ſhe obeyed her father's cruel mandate, and when ſhe had obeyed it, made it a point not to violate her connubial vows. Yoked with a man for whom ſhe could not feel (ſetting aſide the diſproportion between their ages) the affection of a wife, ſhe was reſolved, however, to diſcharge her conjugal duties with an exemplary exactneſs; and ſhe was, indeed, in her domeſtic character entitled to the moſt exalted panegyrics.

Such was the woman whoſe beauty charmed the eye of Agathus, and whoſe amiable behaviour won his heart. He looked, and he loved; he reflected, and he deſpaired. To make her his own in an honourable way was not in his power; to endeavour to gain poſſeſſion of her charms by any baſe proceedings he nobly ſcorned. Antonia plainly perceived the diſturbance which the ſight of her continually occaſioned in his mind, and from one ſtep of commiſſion to another, gradually became touched with tender emotions. The moment ſhe felt ſuch emotions ſtirring in her boſom, ſhe was alarmed; and though ſhe harboured not the ſlighteſt idea of conjugal infidelity, ſhe almoſt ſhuddered at the thoughts of being drawn into a criminal ſituation, in conſequence of her feeling in favour of the man who was too attractive for her peace.

In this perplexing ſtate Antonia acted with a diſcretion in the higheſt degree commendable. She requeſted of her huſband to remove from the city to one of his moſt diſtant country habitations; and in order to conceal the real cauſe of her requeſt from him, pleaded a diſorder for which a long journey had always, ſhe ſaid, proved ſalutary. This movement of her's was the beſt that ſhe could have pitched upon in her apprehenſive ſtate, as ſhe had great occaſion to believe that the buſineſs in which Agathus was engaged at Rome, was of a nature not to permit him to follow her.

It is not eaſy to deſcribe the uneaſineſs which Agathus felt when he heard of Lupinus's intended departure from Rome; however, in an interview with Antonia, a few days before her leaving the capital, he had the happineſs of being aſſured that his paſſion was returned, and that nothing but her union with another man prevented the completion of his wiſhes: he was additionally ſatisfied with that interview, having gained her promiſe to be his, as ſoon as ſhe was her own miſtreſs, and could act agreeably to her inclination.

Agathus, in a ſhort time after Antonia's removal from him, having finiſhed the buſineſs which had brought him to Rome, returned to his own country, not without ſome reluctance, as he could not carry the only woman in the world whom he loved with

with him; yet not without a ſweet conſolation ſpringing from her laſt aſſurances, as much in his favour as he could have poſſibly expected, aſſurances for which ſhe afterwards blamed herſelf, imagining that ſhe had gone farther than a Roman wife ſhould have gone: but the conſciouſneſs of having done nothing to bring a ſtain upon her character, ſoon reconciled her to her conduct with reſpect to her Galatian lover.

Corvinus, having one day, made a viſit to ſome of his countrymen juſt arrived from Rome, was informed by them of the death of Lupinus; he was alſo informed by them that Antonia was ſuppoſed to be one of the richeſt widows within the Roman dominions.

Struck with this intelligence, he immediately thought of making an attempt to get both Antonia and her fortune into his power, and by a manœuvre, for the conception of which he ranked himſelf among the moſt acute politicians of the age. He conceived a deſign, indeed, to build his fortune upon the foundation of ingratitude. With all the marks of the ſincereſt joy he hurried away to communicate the news which he had heard to his noble benefactor, and gave him no ſmall pleaſure by his diſcloſures. Agathus only ſighed to think that his then ſituation would not ſuffer him to perform a journey in perſon to the idol of his heart, and

he expreſſed his feelings upon the occaſion in very forcible terms. The language which he adopted was ſufficiently plaintive and energetic; but Corvinus was quick prepared for it, and therefore replied; "If you cannot pay a viſit to Antonia in perſon, you may write to her, and I will gladly be your meſſenger. Bound to my benefactor by the ſtrongeſt ties of gratitude, with what joy ſhall I execute any commiſſion which may prove inſtrumental to your arriving at the felicity you have ſo long, and with ſo much anxiety wiſhed to obtain.

Thoroughly pleaſed with this offer, Agathus immediately replied, "I will write, Corvinus, and you ſhall be my meſſenger; to *your* hands I can ſafely truſt the ſecret of my heart; of *your* fidelity I have no doubt; only remember, while you are abſent from me, that I ſhall be upon the rack of impatience till I hear of the reception you meet with from Antonia; till I hear whether ſhe preſerves thoſe ſentiments in my favour which ſhe entertained when I took my laſt farewel."

With theſe words and without waiting for a reply, Agathus retired to his library, and there, now fluſhed with hope, now drooping with deſpondence, he finiſhed an epiſtle which Ovid himſelf would not have bluſhed to own. "Take this, ſaid Agathus, when he delivered his tender epiſtle

to

to his confidential companion, and may the peruſal of it by her for whom alone I live, produce an anſwer ſufficient to convince me that ſhe has not forgotten the aſſurances which ſhe made when her huſband forced her into new ſcenes: forced her from thoſe ſcenes which ſhe was fitteſt to adorn.—But why do I thus detain you?—Fly Corvinus—and may Venus, may Juno be propitious."

Such were Agathus's final expreſſions, and Corvinus breathing the moſt fervent ſupplications for ſucceſs (but not the ſucceſs which Agathus prayed for) ſet out upon his journey to Rome.

As ſoon as he found himſelf out of the reach of his patron's obſervations, Corvinus opened the diſpatches committed to his care. When he had read them, and ſufficiently digeſted them, he determined to ſubſtitute others in their ſtead; and by an acurate imitation of Agathus's hand (of which he was very capable) to deſtroy all his intereſt with Antonia, ſhould ſhe be ſtill attached to him.

When he had finiſhed the neceſſary alterations. Corvinus left the capital of Galatia, in order to viſit the capital of Italy; but before he had reached the firſt town, he was overtaken by a ſervant from Agathus, with an intreaty to return inſtantly, as he wiſhed to add a poſtſcript to his letter.

Corvinus was at firſt, in ſpite of all his preſence of

of mind, ſomewhat diſconcerted by this intreaty; but being a perfect maſter of diſſimulation, and having the original, of which he had taken a very cloſe copy, to produce, he returned to his benefactor with as much alacrity as he departed from him. Agathus having made the deſired additions, re-delivered his letter to Corvinus, who received it with an additional ſatisfaction, as he had no doubts of his gaining Antonia's affections if ſhe depended upon the contents of the epiſtle which he had framed, with the name of Agathus artfully forged, for her peruſal.

When Antonia read the letter which Corvinus preſented to her, telling her that he brought it from Agathus, the ſincereſt of her admirers, the faithfulleſt of lovers and the beſt of men, ſhe changed colour, and ſeemed altogether aſtoniſhed. Unwilling to believe what ſhe had read, and wiſhing to find herſelf miſtaken, ſhe gave her letter a ſecond peruſal.—She then ſighed—and could not help refraining from tears. "Too credulous Agathus, ſaid ſhe, when ſhe could find words to expreſs her feelings: too haſty Agathus, added ſhe, could you not have ſtaid till you had, by an application to myſelf, been aſſured of the falſhood or the truth of your intelligence. By your precipitation in ſuppoſing me faithleſs, you have deprived me of a felicity which I have, ever ſince the

the deceaſe of Lupinus, hoped to enjoy; but complaints are now to no purpoſe, I muſt ſubmit to my diſappointment; and will (though I blame your precipitance) impute it rather to an exceſs of credulity, than to a preconcerted deſign to give that heart to another, which you had fondly and ſolemnly promiſed to keep for me—for me alone."

During theſe effuſions which her ſuppoſed letter from Agathus produced, Antonia met with no interruption from Corvinns; but he had obſerved her with particular attention while ſhe delivered them, and as ſoon as ſhe pauſed, began to make apologies for the conduct of her firſt lover, yet in ſo artful a manner, that they ſerved to forward his own ambitious deſigns. Antonia now, having her thoughts turned entirely into a new channel, by the artful carriage and inſinuating elocution of Corvinus, began to look upon him with very favourable eyes, preſenting a little caſket to him, which contained, ſhe ſaid, a jewel of no common value; and deſired him, on his return to Galatia, to inform Agathus that ſhe forgave his behaviour to her, though ſhe never ſhould forget it.

Corvinus, in reply, told her, after having made the moſt grateful acknowledgments, uttered in the moſt elegant language, for her valuable donation, that he was now, not only determined to remain in his own country, but to fix his reſidence near her,

her, that he might frequently have it in his power to behold beauties ſuperior to any he had yet ſeen in any of her ſex.

With what Corvinus had before ſaid to her, Antonia was not a little pleaſed; but this laſt addreſs flattered her quite out of all the partiality ſhe had felt in favour of Agathus.

Corvinus tranſported at the impreſſion which he had made upon her, very reſpectfully retired; without ſaying another word, thinking, indeed, from what he had obſerved in her countenance, that he ſhould find her, the next day, ſtill more alienated from Agathus, or ſtill more inclined to give him the vacant place in her heart.

Antonia having ſpent the remainder of the day in ruminating upon all that Corvinus had ſaid to her, upon his perſonal advantages, and upon winning addreſs, felt her boſom ſtrongly beating in his behalf. In this ſituation ſhe wiſhed for the next morning with anxiety which ſhe could not conceal from her attendants, who, in conſequence of her diſcloſures, on Corvinus's account, acted the part of Dido's ſiſter, and fanned the flame which he had kindled in her breaſt.

Antonia may, perhaps, be accuſed by ſome female readers of this tale, of fickleneſs; but had her firſt favourite made his appearance to claim the promiſe which he had drawn from her, it is highly

highly probable that all her former affection would have returned. Situated as ſhe was, with the forged letter before her, was it not natural for her to caſt a favourable eye on a man whom no woman ever beheld with indifference?

Corvinus, impatient to renew his attacks, made an early viſit to Antonia the next morning. With a ſtriking alteration in his dreſs, his appearance facilitated the execution of his ſpirited deſigns. The encouragements which he met with were in the higheſt degree animating, and he availed himſelf of all his powers to complete the conqueſt he had meditated: and it was ſoon complete, for he, in a ſhort time afterwards, made himſelf maſter of Antonia and of her large poſſeſſions.

By a ſeries of deceitful proceedings, Corvinus triumphed over as amiable a pair as ever lived; but he was ſeverely puniſhed for them after a ſhort enjoyment of his proſperity: by keeping the beſt company in Rome, he was forced into a train of expences injurious to his fortune, large as it was, and into many ſituations which proved detrimental to his conſtitution.

While he was in this ſtate, in which he ſincerely repented of the duplicity of his conduct, with regard to Agathus, and with equal ſincerity wiſhed he had never married Antonia, the very man whom he had ſo deeply injured made his appear-

ance at Rome. No ſooner did Corvinus hear of the arrival of Agathus, than he found himſelf ſo intimidated, and ſo unable to ſtand the dreaded explanation, that he ſaved himſelf from a mortifying interview with him by falling upon his ſword-

Antonia was at firſt extremely ſhocked at the manner of Corvinus's death, but ſhe could not when ſhe reflected upon the change in his behaviour to her, after his marriage, ſhed a tear for his removal. When Agathus appeared, and produced his diſcoveries, ſhe conſidered herſelf as happily releaſed from a man who was a diſgrace to his ſpecies, and with him (when decency juſtified her third entrance into the nuptial ſtate) the beſt of huſbands, became the happieſt of wives.

## *Anecdote of Mrs. W——.*

MRS. W. (mother of the celebrated Billington) being one day rather indiſpoſed from a cold, her huſband coming into the parlour where ſhe was practiſing a new air for Vauxhall, obſerving a *bottle of phyſic* upon the table, untouched, which ſhe ſaid ſhe had taken, flung it at her head with great fury. A gentleman in the neigh-

neighbourhood was mentioning the cruelty of the circumſtance ſome ſhort time afterwards to a friend: who very drily obſerved, "He could not ſee any great impropriety in the affair: Mrs. W. was ſinging, you ſay, and Mr. W. only accompanied with the *baſs viol.*

## ANECDOTE

OF

## SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

IT was generally ſuppoſed, on the acceſſion of the late King, that Sir Robert Walpole would have been turned out of his employment with diſgrace, as it was well known that both the Prince and Princeſs had retained ſtrong ſentiments againſt him, on account of ſome parts of his behaviour towards them, during the rupture between the two Courts. Accordingly, on the death of the old King, ſome immediate proofs were given, that ſuch was the intention. Sir Robert was himſelf the bearer of the tidings, and, arriving in the night, when the Prince was a-bed, ſent to deſire an audience upon buſineſs of the utmoſt conſequence which would admit of no delay. The Prince re-

fuſed to ſee him, and ordered him to ſend in his buſineſs; upon which he gave an account of the death of the late King, and ſaid he waited there to receive his Majeſty's commands. The King ſtill perſiſted in refuſing to ſee him, and bade him ſend Sir Spencer Compton to him immediately. Sir Robert now plainly ſaw his downfal had been predetermined, and haſtened to Sir Spencer with humbleſt tenders of his ſervice, begging his protection, and earneſtly entreated that he would ſkreen him from farther perſecution. When this ſtory had got abroad, the habitation of the laſt Miniſter became deſolate, and the whole tribe of Courtiers, as uſual, crouded to the levee of the new favourite. Yet, in no long ſpace of time afterwards, to the aſtoniſhment of the whole world, Sir Robert was reinſtated in his poſt, and appeared in as high favour as ever. Various were the conjectures of the people upon the means employed by him to ſupplant his competitor, and reinſtate himſelf in full poſſeſſion of his power; while the true cauſe of this ſurpriſing change remained a ſecret, and was known only to a very few; nor has it yet been publickly divulged to the world.

AN

## *EXAMPLE of FRIENDSHIP.*

WHEN Damon was ſentenced by Dionyſius of Syracuſe to die on a certain day, he begged permiſſion, in the interim, to retire to his own country, to ſet the affairs of his diſconſolate family in order. This the tyrant intended preemptorily to refuſe, by granting it, as he conceived, on the impoſſible conditions of his procuring ſome one to remain as hoſtage for his return, under equal forfeiture of life. Pythias heard the conditions, and did not wait for an application upon the part of Damon; he inſtantly offered himſelf as ſecurity for his friend, which being accepted, Damon was immediately ſet at liberty. The king and all the courtiers were aſtoniſhed at this action; and therefore when the day of execution drew near, his majeſty had the curioſity to viſit Pythias in his confinement. After ſome converſation on the ſubject of friendſhip, in which the tyrant delivered it as his opinion, that ſelf-intereſt was the ſole mover of human actions; as for virtue, friendſhip, benevolence, love of one's country, and the like, he looked upon them as terms invented by the wiſe to keep in awe and impoſe upon the weak. "My lord," ſaid Pythias, with a firm voice

voice and noble aſpect, " I would it were poſſible that I might ſuffer a thouſand deaths, rather than my friend ſhould fail in any article of his honour. He cannot fail therein, my lord: I am as confident of his virtue as I am of my own exiſtence. But I pray, I beſeech the gods, to preſerve the life and integrity of my Damon together: oppoſe him, ye winds, prevent the eagerneſs and impatience of his honourable endeavours, and ſuffer him not to arrive till by my death I have redeemed a life a thouſand times of more conſequence, of more value than my own; more ineſtimable to his lovely wife; to his precious little innocents, to his friends, to his country. O leave me not to die the worſt of deaths in my Damon."

Dionyſius was awed and confounded by the dignity of theſe ſentiments, and by the manner in which they were uttered: he felt his heart ſtruck by a ſlight ſenſe of invading truth; but it ſerved rather to perplex than undeceive him.

The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought fourth, and walked amidſt the guards with a ſerious, but ſatisfied air, to the place of execution. Dionyſius was already there; he was exhalted on a moving throne, that was drawn by ſix white horſes, and ſat penſive and attentive to the priſoner. Pythias came, he vaulted lightly on the ſcaffold,

ſcaffold, and beholding for ſome time the apparatus of his death, he turned with a placid countenance, and addreſſed the ſpectators: "My prayers are heard," he cried, "the gods are propitious; you know, my friends, that the winds have been contrary till yeſterday. Damon could not come, he could not conquer impoſſibilities; he will be here to-morrow, and the blood which is ſhed to-day, ſhall have ranſomed the life of my friend. O could I eraze from your boſoms every doubt, every mean ſuſpicion, of the honour of the man for whom I am about to ſuffer, I ſhall go to my death even as I would to my bridal. Be it ſufficient in the mean time, that my friend will be found noble, that his truth is impeachable; that he will ſpeedily prove it; that he is now on his way, hurrying on, accuſing himſelf, the adverſe elements, and the gods; but I haſte to prevent his ſpeed: executioner, to your office." As he pronounced the laſt words, a buz began to riſe among the remoteſt of the people; a diſtant voice was heard, the crowds caught the words, and ſtop, ſtop the executioner, was repeated by the whole aſſembly: a man came at full ſpeed, the throng gave way to his approach: he was mounted on a ſteed of foam: in an inſtant he was off his horſe, on the ſcaffold, and held Pythias ſtraitly embraced. "You

are ſafe," he cried, "you are ſafe my friend, my beloved friend, the gods be praiſed, you are ſafe. I now have nothing but death to ſuffer, and I am delivered from the anguiſh of thoſe reproaches which I gave myſelf, for having endangered a life ſo much dearer than my own."

Pale, cold, and half ſpeechleſs in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied in broken accents—"Fatal haſte—Cruel impatience!—What envious powers have wrought impoſſibilities in your favour?—But I will not be wholly diſappointed.—Since I cannot die to ſave, I will not ſurvive you." Dionyſius beheld, heard, and conſidered all with aſtoniſhment. His heart was touched, he wept, and leaving his throne, he aſcended the ſcaffold. "Live, live, ye incomparable pair!" he cried, "ye have borne unqueſtionable teſtimony to the exiſtence of virtue! and that virtue equally evinces the exiſtence of a God to reward it. Live happy, live renowned: and, O! form me by your precepts, as ye have invited me by your example, to be worthy of the participation of ſo ſacred a friendſhip.

ANEC-

## ANECDOTE

OF

## FRANCIS, DUKE OF BRITANNY.

FRANCIS, Duke of Britanny, one of the moſt accompliſhed and valiant perſons of the age in which he lived, the age of romantic gallantry, uſed to ſay, "That he liked the Princeſs of Scot-"land, (to whom he was a ſuitor) the better for "being quite illiterate, as a woman was wiſe "enough who knew her huſband's ſhirt from "his doublet."

## ANECDOTE

RELATING TO THE

## EARL OF ESSEX.

IN the year 1598, in a council held for appointing a proper perſon for the adminiſtration of Ireland, Queen Elizabeth was of opinion, that no one could be ſo proper to fill that poſt, as Sir William Knollys, the Earl of Eſſex's uncle; his Lordſhip, on the other hand, as ſtrongly recom-

 mended

mended Sir George Carew, with a view of removing him from the court; but finding that his recommendation had no effect upon her Majesty, he turned his back upon her in such a rude and contemptuous manner, as exasperated her to such a high degree, that she gave him a box on the ear, and bid him *go and be hanged.* Upon this, the Earl put his hand to his sword; and, when the Lord-Admiral interposed, *swore,* "That he neither *could* nor *would* bear such an indignity; *nor would have taken it even from* HENRY VIII."—and so left the court. The Lord-keeper Egerton wrote him a letter upon this occasion, which, with the Earl's answer, are subjoined, from the most correct copies that are to be met with:—

*The Lord-Keeper's letter, October 15th, 1598, is as follows:*

"MY VERY GOOD LORD,

"It is often seen, that he that is a stander-by, "seeth more than he that playeth the game; and "for the most part, any man, in his own cause, "standeth in his own light and seeth not so clearly "as he should. Your Lordship hath dealt in "other men's causes, and in great and weighty "affairs, with great wisdom and judgment. Now "your own is in hand, you are not to contemn "and refuse the advice of any that love you, how "simple soever. In this order I rank myself, "among

" among others that love you with more ſimple,
" and none that love you with more true and
" honeſt affection; which ſhall plead my excuſe,
" if you ſhould either miſtake or miſconſtrue my
" words or meaning: Yet, in your Lordſhip's
" honourable wiſdom, I neither doubt nor ſuſpect
" the one nor the other. I will not preſume to
" adviſe you, but ſhoot my bolt as near the mark
" as I can, and tell you what I think.

" The beginning and long continuance of this
" ſo unſeaſonable diſcontentment you have ſeen
" and proved, by which you may aim at the end.
" If you hold ſtill your courſe, which hitherto you
" find worſe and worſe, (and the longer you tread
" this path, the farther you are ſtill out of the way)
" there is little hope, or likelihood, that the end
" will be better than the beginning.

" You are not ſo far gone, but you may return.
" The return is ſafe, but the progreſs dangerous
" and deſperate, in the courſe you hold. If you
" have any enemies, you do that for them which
" they could never do for themſelves; whilſt you
" leave your friends to open ſhame and contempt,
" forſake yourſelf, overthrow your fortunes, and
" ruinate your honour and reputation, giving that
" comfort to our foreign foes, as greater they
" cannot have.

" For what can be more welcome and pleaſing
" news to them, than to hear, that her Majeſty,

" and the realm are maimed of ſo worthy a mem-
" ber, who hath ſo often and ſo valiantly *quailed*
" and daunted them? You forſake your country,
" when it hath moſt need of your help and counſel;
" and laſtly, you fail in your indiſſoluble duty,
" which you owe to your moſt gracious ſovereign;
" a duty not impoſed upon you by nature and
" policy only, but by the religious and ſacred
" bond in which the Divine Majeſty of GOD hath,
" by the rule of Chriſtianity, obliged and bound
" you.

" For the four firſt, your conſtant reſolution
" may perhaps move you to eſteem them as light;
" but being well weighed, they are not lightly to
" be regarded; and for the two laſt, it may be,
" your private conſcience may ſtrive to content
" yourſelf; but it is enough. Theſe duties ſtand
" not alone in contemplation and inward medi-
" tation; their effects are external, and cannot be
" performed but by external actions; and where
" that faileth, the ſubſtance itſelf faileth.

" Now, this being your preſent ſtate and con-
" dition, what is the beſt to be done herein? And
" what is the beſt remedy for the ſame? My good
" lord, I want wiſdom, and lack judgment, to
" adviſe you: but I will never want an honeſt
" and true heart to will and wiſh you well; nor,
" being warranted by a good conſcience, forbear
" to ſpeak what I think. I have begun plainly.

" I hope

" I hope your Lordſhip will not be offended, if I " proceed ſtill after the ſame faſhion. *Bene cedit,* " *qui tempori cedit.* And Seneca ſaith, *Lex ſi no-* " *centem punit, cedendum eſt juſtitiæ; ſi innocentem,* " *cedendum eſt fortunæ.* The beſt remedy is not to " contend and ſtrive, but humbly to ſubmit. " Have you given cauſe, and yet take ſcandal to " yourſelf? Why, then, all you can do, is too little " to make ſatisfaction. Is cauſe of ſcandal given " to you? Yet policy, duty, and religion, inforce " you to ſue, yield, and ſubmit to your ſovereign; " between whom and you there can be no propor- " tion of duty. And GOD himſelf requireth it, " as a principal bond of ſervice to himſelf. When " it is evident, that great good may enſue of it to " your friends, your country, and ſovereign, and " extreme harm by the contrary, there can be no " diſhonour or hurt to yield; but in not doing it, " is diſhonour and impiety.

" The difficulty, my good Lord, is to conquer " yourſelf; which is the height of all true valour " and fortitude, whereunto all your honourable " actions have tended. Do it in this, and GOD " will be pleaſed, her Majeſty well ſatisfied, your " country will take good, and your friends com- " fort by it: yourſelf (I mention you laſt, for I " know of all theſe you eſteem yourſelf leaſt) ſhall " receive honour, and your enemies (if you have " any) ſhall be diſappointed of their bitter ſweet " hope.

" Thus

" Thus have I uttered what I think, ſimply " and true, and leave you to determine. If I " have erred, it is *error amoris*, and not *amor erroris*. " Conſtrue, I beſeech you, and accept it, as I " mean it, not as an advice, but as an opinion to " be allowed or cancelled at your pleaſure. If I " might have conveniently conferred with you " myſelf in perſon, I would not have troubled you " with ſo many idle blots. Yet whatſoever you " ſhall judge of this mine opinion, be you well " aſſured, my deſire is to further all good means " that may tend to your good. And ſo, wiſhing " you all honourable happineſs, I reſt,

" Your Lordſhip's moſt ready and faithful,

" (altho' of many moſt unable)

" Poor friend,

" THOs. EGERTON, C. S."

The Earl's ſpirited anſwer, which is a maſterpiece in ſtyle, conſidering the age in which it was written, (dated October 18th, 1598) was in the following words:—

' MY VERY GOOD LORD,

' Although there is not that man this day living, ' whom I would ſooner make a judge of any queſ- ' tion, that did concern me, than yourſelf; yet ' muſt you give me leave to tell you, that, in ſuch ' a caſe, I muſt appeal from all earthly judges; and

' if

'if in any, then ſurely in this, where *the higheſt*
'*judge upon earth hath impoſed upon me, without trial*
'*or hearing*, the moſt heavy puniſhment that hath
'been known. But ſince I muſt either anſwer
'your Lordſhip's argument, or forſake my juſt
'defence, I will force mine aching head to do
'ſome ſervice for a ſmall hour or two, although
'againſt my will. I muſt firſt then deny my *diſ-*
'*contentment*, and that it was *unſeaſonable*, or of *too*
'*long continuance*. Your Lordſhip ſhould rather con-
'dole with me, than expoſtulate about the ſame.

'Natural ſeaſons are expected here below; but
'violent and unſeaſonable ſtorms come from
'above. *There is no tempeſt like to the paſſionate in-*
'*dignation of a Prince*; nor yet at any time is it ſo
'*unſeaſonable, as when it lighteth upon thoſe who might*
'*expect an harveſt of their careful and painful labours.*
'He that is once wounded muſt feel the ſmart
'while his hurt be cured, or that the part be
'ſenſeleſs; but no cure I expect, her Majeſty's
'heart being *obdurate* againſt me; and to be with-
'out ſenſe I cannot, being made of fleſh and blood.
'But, ſay you, I may aim at the end. I do more
'than aim; for I ſee an end of all my good for-
'tunes, and have ſet an end to all my deſires. In
'this courſe do I any thing for mine enemies?
'When I was in the court, I found them abſolute:
'and therefore I had rather that they ſhould tri-
'umph alone, than they ſhould have me attendant

'on

on their chariots. Do I *leave* my *friends?* When ‘ I was a *courtier*, I could yield them no fruits of ‘ my love unto them. Now I am become a *hermit*, ‘ they ſhall bear no envy for their love towards me.

‘ Do I *forſake* myſelf, becauſe I *enjoy* myſelf? ‘ or, do I *overthrow* my fortune, for that I *build not* ‘ a fortune of *paper-walls*, which every puff of ‘ wind bloweth down? Do I *ruinate* mine honours, ‘ becauſe I *leave following* the purſuit, or wearing ‘ falſe badge or maſk of the *ſhadow* of honour? Do ‘ I *give courage*, or *comfort*, to the foreign foe, be- ‘ cauſe I *reſerve* myſelf to *encounter* with him? or, ‘ becauſe I keep my *heart* from *baſeneſs*, although ‘ I cannot keep my *fortune* from *declining?* No, ‘ my good lord, I give every of theſe conſidera- ‘ tions its due right; and the more I weigh them, ‘ the more I find myſelf *juſtified* from *offending* in ‘ any of them. As for the two laſt objections, ‘ that I *forſake my country*, when it hath moſt need ‘ of me, and *fail* in that *indiſſoluble* duty, which I ‘ owe unto my ſovereign, I anſwer, that if my ‘ country had, at this time, any need of my public ‘ ſervice, her Majeſty, that governs the ſame, ‘ would not have *driven* me into a private life. I ‘ am tied unto my country by two bonds; in pub- ‘ lic peace, to diſcharge carefully, faithfully, and ‘ induſtriouſly, the truſt which is committed unto ‘ me; and the other private, to *ſacrifice to it my life* ‘ *and carcaſe*, which hath been nouriſhed in it. Of

‘ the

'the firſt I am *freed*, being *diſmiſſed*, *diſcharged*, and 'diſabled, by her Majeſty. Of the other, *nothing* 'can free me but death; and therefore no occaſion 'of my performance ſhall offer itſelf, but I will 'meet it half way. The *indiſſoluble* duty which I 'owe to her Majeſty, is only the duty of *allegiance*, 'which I *never will, nor ever can, fail in.* The 'duty of attendance is no *indiſſoluble* duty. I owe 'her Majeſty the duty of an Earl, and of Lord-'Marſhal of England.

'I have been content to do her Majeſty the 'ſervice of a *clerk*; but can never ſerve her as a 'villain or *ſlave*. But yet you ſay, *I muſt give way* 'unto the time. So I do; for now I ſee the *ſtorm* 'come, I put myſelf into the harbour. Seneca 'ſaith, "*We muſt give place unto fortune.*" I know 'that fortune is both *blind* and *ſtrong*, and there-'fore I go as far out of her way as I can. You 'ſay, the *remedy* is *not to ſtrive*. I neither *ſtrive* nor 'ſeek for *remedy*. But, ſay you, I muſt *yield* and 'ſubmit. I can neither *yield* myſelf to be guilty, 'or this imputation laid upon me to be *juſt*. I 'owe ſo much to the author of all *truth*, as I can 'never yield *falſehood* to be *truth*, or *truth* to be 'falſehood. Have I given cauſe, aſk you, and take 'ſcandal, when I have done? No, I give no cauſe 'to take ſo much as *Fimbria*'s complaint againſt 'me, for I did *totum telum corpore recipere*. I *pati-*

'*ently*

'*ently* bear all, and *ſenſibly* feel all, that I then re-
'ceived, when this ſcandal was given me. Nay,
'more; when the *vileſt* of all *indignities* are done
'unto me, doth *religion enforce* me to *ſue?* or doth
'GOD require it? Is it *impiety* not to do it? What,
'*cannot Princes* ERR? Cannot *ſubjects* receive
'WRONG? Is an *earthly* power or authority IN-
'FINITE? Pardon me, pardon me, my good lord,
'*I can never ſubſcribe to theſe principles.* Let Solo-
'mon's *fool* LAUGH, *when he is* STRICKEN; let
'thoſe, that mean to *make their profit* of *Princes*,
'ſhew to have no ſenſe of Princes' INJURIES; let
'them acknowledge an *infinite abſoluteneſs* on *earth*,
'that *do not believe* in an *infinite abſoluteneſs* in *heaven.*
'As for me, I have received WRONG, and feel it.
'My cauſe is GOOD, I *know* it; and *whatſoever*
'*come, all the powers on earth can never ſhew more*
'*ſtrength and conſtancy in* OPPRESSING, *than I can*
'*ſhew in ſuffering, whatſoever can or ſhall be impoſed*
'*upon me.* Your Lordſhip, in the beginning,
'maketh yourſelf a *looker-on*, and me a *player of*
'*my own game*; ſo you can SEE *more* than I can.
'Yet you muſt give me leave to tell you, in the
'end of my anſwer, that ſince you do but *ſee*, and
'I *ſuffer*, I muſt, of neceſſity, *feel* more than you.
'I muſt crave your Lordſhip's patience to give
'him, that hath a crabbed fortune, licence to uſe
'a crabbed ſtyle; and yet, whatſoever my ſtyle is,

'there

'there is no heart *more humble to his ſuperiors*, nor 'any more affected towards your Lordſhip, than 'that of,

Your honour's poor friend,

'ESSEX.'

---

THE

## GOOD NEIGHBOUR.

A MORAL TALE.

AMONG the many words in the Engliſh language that are frequently uttered, without being accurately underſtood, is the word *miſanthrope*, which literally and ſtrictly ſignifies a *man-hater*. Now, to ſuppoſe that every man who withdraws himſelf from the buſy world, lives in a very retired manner, and derives his principal amuſements from the peruſal of his books, and from his reflections from what he has read, to be a *miſanthrope*, is ſurely to encourage a ſuppoſition not to be warranted by reaſon; it is indeed, a ſuppoſition equally unjuſt and irrational.

Mr. Robert Selby, foured by a number of diſappointments, many of them occaſioned by the ungrateful behaviour of thoſe who pretended to be

be his friends, retired to a ſmall village, a few miles from the capital; and there, being a widower, and having no children to provide for, lived with an elderly maid-ſervant, whoſe fidelity he had thoroughly tried; almoſt with the recluſeneſs of a hermit. Few perſons came to his houſe, and he ſeldom went abroad, but to air himſelf in the adjacent fields. Yet he was not quite a ſolitary, as he admitted the viſits of two or three real friends, who had been, during the courſe of many ſucceſſive years, uniformly attached to him; but he was pronounced by his neighbours, with hardly a diſſenting voice, to be a *miſanthrope*; an unſociable old fellow, who hated his ſpecies, and was entirely devoted to himſelf. Satisfied, however, with the conſciouſneſs of his own philanthropy, in ſpite of the general opinion of his ſelfiſhneſs, among his narrow-minded neighbours, he kept cloſe to his little caſtle, and was contented to be ſtared at, upon his quitting it to take his walks about the environs, for an old wretch, who preferred his own company to the converſation of his fellow-creatures. Some of his neighbours, indeed, attempted to pay him the compliment of a viſit upon his firſt coming to his houſe; but as he very ſoon gave out that he came merely to retire, and that he ſhould neither pay nor receive any viſits in the village, he was left to purſue his ſingu-

lar

lar plan without moleſtation, but not without being poſted for a *man-hater*.

Not long after Mr. Selby had fixed his reſidence at B. . . . ., a gentleman, with whom he had been formerly connected, but whoſe acquaintance he had for ſometime declined, (having received ſome treatment from him which he had not, he thought, merited) took a houſe in the row in which he lived. The name of this gentleman was Norman, and the appearance which he and his family made, ſoon procured them viſits from the genteeleſt people in the village.

Mr. Norman, having acquired a decent fortune by a conſtant attention to the buſineſs to which he had been brought up, was ſeized with a ſtrong deſire (and Mrs. Norman rather ſtrengthened than weakened it, by the ſtrongeſt hints ſhe threw out concerning the gentility of a life without any employment) to ſpend the remainder of his life with eaſe and dignity. The former he certainly was able to command; he was quite a man of leiſure; but all the pains which he took, by living in a ſuperb ſtyle, were ineffectual to procure the latter; there was not an inch of true dignity about him. His entertainments were ſplendid; his table was well ſerved; his wines were the beſt of their reſpective ſorts; and his ſide-board was elegant. People who are fond of making a figure in the world will always, by

thoſe

thoſe who pay a particular regard to externals, be more courted than others, who, though poſſeſſed of three times their fortunes, live in a plain way, and never attempt to dazzle the multitude with the luſtre of their exhibition. Such perſons may ſteal through life in peace and quietneſs, contented with their own conduct, contented with the ſincere approbation of a few ſelect friends, intimately acquainted with their intrinſic worth; but to be ſought for their ſociety, to have their acquaintance earneſtly ſolicited, they muſt not hope for that,

"*The world is ſtill deceived by ornament,*"

as Shakeſpeare very juſtly obſerves; and we certainly ſtand not in need of a ghoſt to confirm the truth of our bard's obſervation: and though counterfeits of all kinds were never more abroad, the flaſhing perſonages of the age, of both ſexes, will ever prove attractive to the million; they are ſure of having a crowd about them whenever they pleaſe to ſend the bill of invitation, and as ſure of meeting with a flattering reception wherever they go—till poverty has laid her chilling hand upon them, and then the farce is over. The farce! A fall from affluence to want is too frequently attended with tragical conſequences, though they may have originated from very comic ſituations.

With the Norman family, Mr. Selby did not think of renewing his acquaintance, as the head

of

of it had given him ſo much offence by his behaviour; but he could not help feeling compaſſion,

" *He had a heart ſoft pity lov'd to dwell in.*"

When he ſaw him and his thoughtleſs wife living at ſuch a rate, as to render their income, ariſing from the funds, inſufficient for the expences of their houſehold, without conſidering how much they were injuring their children by their extravagant proceedings, not of an age to ſhift for themſelves, but doomed according to the logic of probability, to make their way in the world without their aſſiſtance. " On different thoughts in-" tent," they beſtowed little attention on their educ̣ation; little to their manners; leſs to their morals; and none at all to their future ſettlement in life. No parents were ever, indeed, more inattentive to thoſe who derived their exiſtence from them—but to what length will not an immoderate love of pleaſure carry the moſt ſenſible perſons of either ſex! And if they are forcibly drawn into the whirl of diſſipation, without having the power to guide their actions by the helm of reaſon, how can we expect to find the conduct of thoſe who have weak heads, and ſtrong paſſions, under the ſteady ſteerage of prudence?

When the maſter and miſtreſs of a family are equally addicted to expence, and equally careleſs with regard to the management of their domeſtic affairs,

affairs, they muſt inevitably be, ſooner or later, ruined. If they happen to have large fortunes, the day of ruin is at a greater diſtance from them, but the largeſt will not be ſufficient to ſtop the ravages of extravagance. In the conjugal ſtate there is a kind of diſcretion with reſpect to pecuniary matters, abſolutely neceſſary, either in huſband or wife, for the promotion of their reciprocal happineſs: the want of which, on both ſides, is too often productive of conſequences ſeverely to be felt by the one and by the other, if they have the ſmalleſt ſenſibility. The mutual imprudence of a married pair, without children is not to be defended: the ſame imprudence, if they have children, is extremely to be condemned. Now, as the Norman's had both ſons and daughters, their conduct was highly cenſurable; and, indeed, they were pretty handſomely cenſured for it behind their backs, even by the very perſons who, before their faces, flattered them into the moſt favourable opinion of their talents and their taſte.

Mr. Selby, however, though he pitied theſe wrong-headed parents, felt more compaſſion for their neglected, or rather badly-educated children. They were in no ſhape to be blamed for the follies of thoſe who had been inſtrumental in bringing them into the world; but it was much to be lamented by all who knew them, and could feel for them, that they were treated more like incumbrances

brances than bleſſings, and looked upon more as interruptions to the pleaſures of their parents, than as beings ſent by Heaven for the increaſe of their connubial felicity.

Fathers and mothers of the Norman caſt, are too often to be met with, in almoſt every walk of life; and it may ſafely be affirmed, that to the unparental behaviour (if I may uſe the expreſſion) of ſuch fathers and mothers, a conſiderable part of the domeſtic diſtreſſes by which many families are unhappily diſtinguiſhed, muſt be aſcribed.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman had two ſons and two daughters, at the time of their ſettling at B. ..... The boys were ſent to a cheap ſchool, of no reputation, in the North of England; the girls were educated at home, under their own eyes literally; but they could not have been brought up in a worſe manner, in the worſt boarding-ſchool in the kingdom, than they were at home. Their mother took no pains to improve either their bodies, or their minds, ſo that they grew up unpoliſhed and uninformed. Their perſons happened to be greatly againſt them; they were indeed ſo very plain, not to ſay ugly, that they were never thought fit, by their handſome parents, to be introduced to company: to the care of a common ſervant they were entirely committed, who was incapable of furniſhing them with any intellectual ſupplies ſufficent to make amends for their perſonal defects.

While Mr. Norman and his wife were making themſelves very ridiculous by their magnificent appearance, and pompous ſtile of life, Mr. Selby received a letter from a friend in the country, who deſired him to give a true account of their proceedings at B. . . . ., having heard them ſet out in a very contemptible light, and as living in a moſt imprudent manner. To this letter, Mr. Selby returned the following anſwer:—

" MY GOOD FRIEND,

" I am ſorry to inform you that the reports you " have heard relating to my neighbour, Mr. Nor- " man, are to be ranked among thoſe truths which " are not to be controverted. You may, perhaps, " wonder at my ſaying I am ſorry; but I am really " concerned for him, though I am not deſirous of " entering into any new connections with him; " and, indeed, he ſeems to be in the ſame mind " with regard to me. I pity him for his indiſcre- " tion, and I muſt add his wife's: they are the moſt " imprudent couple I ever met with.——What " muſt become of their children! They enter- " tained, a few days ago, ſome perſons of diſtinc- " tion, for they fly at high game, I aſſure you; but " they, at the ſame time, egregiouſly expoſed the " weakneſs of their underſtandings, though they " exhibited the ſtrongeſt proofs of their taſte.— " It was quite a proper entertainment for their

" gueſts

" gueſts to receive, but not for them to give. All " the manœuvres of the table were conducted " with a ſpirit and addreſs ſuitable to the occa- " ſion; there was nothing wanting but propriety " to render the banquet unexceptionable. My " old ſervant diverted me a little by retailing, in " her circumſtantial way, the obſervations, chiefly " ſarcaſtic, which were made upon this ſumptuous " dinner; but before ſhe had finiſhed her intelli- " gence, ſhe filled my mind with a heap of me- " lancholy reflections on the incidents which had " ſet her tongue a-going. The Normans, with " all their follies, (among which, the moſt ſtriking " is their paſſion to keep company with people " in much higher life than themſelves; and to " thruſt themſelves upon a footing with people " who are infinitely ſuperior to them in point of " rank and fortune) have a number of good quali- " ties.—Driven headlong by this paſſion, they, " like Lee's Œdipus,

" — *Blindly tread thoſe paths they ought to ſhun,*"

" and will, I fear, in a few years—a very few " years—be plunged into diſtreſsful circumſtances. " Mr. Norman has at preſent, I believe, what may " be called in this luxuriant age, a pretty fortune; " but it is by no means ſufficient to ſupport the " figure of which he and Mrs. Norman are ſo " fooliſhly fond."

Not long after the diſpatch of this letter to Mr. Crawford, his friend in Suſſex, he found he had not been too haſty in prognoſticating the ruin of the Norman family; his predictions were verified in a few months, by a ſudden ſhock, which would have reduced Mr. Norman to abſolute beggary, had he not been relieved in a manner altogether unexpected.

There is nothing, perhaps, which gives perſons born to rank and riches, more offence than the feeble, and, as they think, inſolent attempts of a man every way in a ſtate of inferiority to vie with them in their mode of appearance and living. They look upon all thoſe who preſume to mix with them upon a kind of equality, with no fair pretenſions to ſuch a freedom, with the utmoſt contempt, and ſometimes with the utmoſt indignation: ſometimes, alſo, they are provoked, as thoſe paſſions happen to operate, to check them effectually in the midſt of their impertinent imitations, by ſtopping up the fountain from which their finances flow; in plain Engliſh, by reducing them to a ſtate of indigence. For this ſort of reduction, the gaming-table has long been found a powerful engine in the hands of the experienced.

Among the opulent men who went to be entertained by Charles Norman, the majority reſorted to his houſe merely to enjoy a laugh, as well as a dinner, at his expence; but there were

ſome,

ſome, who, not contented with the exhibition of him in the moſt ridiculous colours, in their own circles, meditated a blow which would, they imagined, ſufficiently cure him of his propenſity to appear like them. Theſe were ſome diſtinguiſhed perſonages belonging to a certain honourable ſociety, in a certain part of the town, who make it the principal buſineſs of their lives to draw in people who have more money than wit, and to drive them either to madneſs or a jail: to both places they had ſent ſeveral unfortunate adventurers, ſeduced, in the moſt graceful manner, by their encouraging loſings.

Theſe perſonages, in a ſelect committee one night over their dice, determined to get Charles into their clutches, and to ſend him home ruined. Men of this ſtamp generally carry their deſigns into execution without delay.

" D—n him," ſaid Tom Loader, " we will do " for him: a puppy! to think of living like us."

' The prince of puppies, by G—d,' replied Harry Blacklegs, ' to give himſelf the airs of a ' man of quality with his pimping fortune; but, ' as you ſay, we will do for him; and if we ſend ' him not home ready to hang himſelf, we ſhall be ' the greateſt bunglers in Chriſtendom.'

This ſpeech, delivered with much vivacity, and a competent ſhare of vanity into the bargain, was received with the loudeſt marks of approbation, and

and the lively articulator of it was pitched upon, by his ingenious companions, to put Charles Norman into the road to deſtruction.

Charles had hitherto only expoſed himſelf to ridicule by his paſſion for appearance: he had never diſcovered a paſſion for play; but when he was called upon, however, one evening, after a ſupper given at Harry's lodgings, by him, Loader, and ſeveral other perſons of diſtinction, to try his luck at hazard, he was unable to reſiſt. He was not, indeed, in his perfect ſenſes when he was ſo called upon; and if he had been quite ſober, he might have found himſelf, perhaps, incapable of ſtanding firm againſt the inſinuating behaviour of thoſe whoſe deſigns upon his pocket were too deeply laid to be diſcovered by him.

Fluſhed with the ſucceſs he met with during the firſt half hour, Charles became doubly animated, and puſhed on boldly—to his ruin. From that time, fortune became leſs and leſs kind to him, and he was ſoon feelingly convinced that he had loſt more than he could pay. Starting from his chair, he overturned it, in his precipitate retreat to the door, and ran out of the houſe, which had proved ſo fatal to him, like a lunatic.

While Charles was engaged in the way abovementioned, Mrs. Norman, by an accidental run of ill-luck, at a genteel aſſembly in her own neighbourhood, had been remarkably unſucceſsful. Fretted

Fretted as ſhe was, however, by the triumphs of her adverſaries, in conſequence of their ſuperior hands, (for ſhe could not bring herſelf to believe, that they had out-generalled her by a ſuperior knowledge of the game) ſhe conſoled herſelf, not knowing what a ſhock her huſband had received, with thinking that ſhe would be more fortunate another night.

Mrs. Norman came home firſt; it was late, but, as ſhe knew in what manner her Charles was engaged, ſhe was not in the leaſt ſurpriſed at not ſeeing him on her arrival. So far was ſhe, indeed, from being uneaſy, that ſhe ſat down to her harpſichord, and played over one of the favourite airs in the laſt new Opera; in the midſt of that air, ſhe heard a violent knocking at the door. As ſuch raps had been familiar to her ears, ſhe only exclaimed, "Oh, there he is!" and threw away her ſong. But ſhe was now not a little ſurpriſed to ſee Charles brought into the parlour by two ſtout fellows, who, having found him ſprawling upon the ground, and diſcovered by ſearching his pockets the place of his reſidence, had conveyed him from thence to his own houſe.

Mrs. Norman, having diſcharged the fellows who had taken care of her huſband, endeavoured to wake him from his lethargy, but in vain; ſhe, therefore, ordered his valet to conduct him, properly aſſiſted, to his own chamber.

The

The moment Charles opened his eyes in the morning, the recollection of what paſſed the night before at Harry's lodgings, ſtung him to the quick. He was now far from being in a ſtate of inſenſibility. He rang his bell with violence. Every creature in the houſe was faſt aſleep. The alarm was general. By ſome, the intruſion of rogues was ſuſpected; by others, the breaking out of a fire was dreaded. Mrs. Norman ſoon made her appearance.---" Oh, Nanny!" ſaid Charles, " it " is all over with me."

' All over with you!' replied ſhe, ſtaring, having no reaſon to ſuppoſe from his looks that he was in a dying condition. ' What do you mean ' by theſe terrifying words? Did you meet with ' any accident laſt night? Where are you hurt?'

" An accident!—Yes—I did meet with an ac- " cident, and am hurt—there is no deſcribing " what I feel—."

This ſpeech was followed by an explanation, which produced a warm debate between the unhappy pair: each reproaching the other in the ſevereſt terms.

In this diſtreſsful ſituation, Charles was relieved by the laſt man from whom he expected any aſſiſtance; he was relieved, and in the moſt generous, noble manner, by Mr. Selby, who proved himſelf more than a GOOD NEIGHBOUR, to him the beſt of neighbours. From this time, Mr. Selby was no longer

longer ſtiled a *miſanthrope*; but as he was a ſingular character, he was ever afterwards called "a "very good ſort of a man in an odd way."

## THE JEW COUNSELLED.

### AN ANECDOTE.

ONE of the ſons of Gideon, a famous Jew, was on the point of being married to a Chriſtian; on which the father, who had no objection to the religion of the lady, but to the ſmallneſs of her fortune, expoſtulated with his ſon, and told him, that he might have a lady with more money; but the ſon, vindicating his choice, replied, "that whether he conſented or not, he "would marry the lady; and if he refuſed to give "him a proper ſhare of wealth, he would turn "Chriſtian, and then he would claim the benefit "of an Engliſh law, and obtain half he poſſeſſed." At this anſwer Gideon was greatly confounded, and reſolved to apply to counſel, to know whether there was any ſuch law; the counſellor replied that there was, and that his ſon upon turning Chriſtian would obtain half his fortune; "but "if you'll give me ten guineas, I'll put you in a

"way

" way to diſappoint him, and the graceleſs dog " ſhall not be able to obtain a farthing." Gideon, overjoyed, pulled out the money, clapped it into the counſellor's hand, expreſſing his impatience to know how he was to proceed; when the counſellor returned with a ſmile—" you have nothing to " do, Mr. Gideon, but to turn Chriſtian yourſelf."

## PARAPHRASE

### OF PART OF THE 14TH CHAPTER

### OF JOB.

HOW ſhort the time of mortals here below!
How ſoon the end of all their joy and woe!
Like the fair flow'r, that in the verdant mead
With various luſtre rears its lovely head:
So florid youth, with ſtrength and beauty crown'd,
Starts o'er the ſcene, and looks ſuperior round;
But, like the flow'r, his beauties fade away,
And icy age brings on the ſwift decay;
Like the fair roſe, he bloſſoms but to die,
And as a ſhadow all his glories fly.

Then why great LORD againſt this reptile form,
This child of duſt, and brother to the worm,
Why

Why wilt thou ſtretch out thy terrific rod,
And bring the wretch in judgment with his GOD?
From ſpring impure can limpid water flow;
Or fetid oil a grateful odour throw?
Can man, weak man, be perfect in thy ſight,
Where flaming choirs of Angels are not bright?
Since thou haſt number'd out the life of man,
And fix'd the bounds of his appointed ſpan;
Ah! let him reſt, and feel thy wrath no more,
Till, like a hireling, his ſhort day be o'er!
Tho' the tall tree be levell'd with the ground,
And all its ſapleſs branches ſcatter'd round,
Yet earth ſhall nouriſh the remaining root,
And from the ſtump a thriving plant ſhall ſhoot:
Water'd by latent ſprings, the tree will grow,
And fruit again adorn the lofty bough.

But man's frail body quickly waſtes and dies,
And in the tomb in dark oblivion lies, [fall,
Till from heav'n's round, ſun, moon, and ſtars ſhall
And the laſt thunders ſhake earth's trembling ball;
Then ſhall thy power awake the ſilent dead,
And o'er th' uniting bones freſh beauty ſpread.
Till that dread day, great GOD, thy ſuppliant ſpare;
To Thee my heart's moſt ſecret thoughts are bare;
If I be wicked, then pronounce my doom,
And plunge me deep in everlaſting gloom;
If I be righteous, let me ſhare thy grace,
And in thy heaven partake ſeraphic peace.

# THE UNFORTUNATE CAPTAIN.

## A GENUINE HISTORY.

DON Juan de Mendoza was a native of Caſtille, deſcended from a very illuſtrious houſe, and poſſeſſed a very conſiderable fortune. He had ſerved as a captain in the army, and diſtinguiſhed himſelf for his bravery againſt the Moors, to whom he had been a very formidable foe. He married the daughter of a noble Venetian, who brought him a handſome portion, and ſhe had great expectations at the death of her father, who was extremely rich. By this lady, Don Juan had two daughters, who, as they advanced towards maturity, diſplayed ſuch growing attractions as created them many admirers. There was only a year difference in their age, and they reſembled each other ſo much that they were frequently taken for twins. Leonora, when ſhe had attained her eighteenth year, beſpoke the complete woman. She was tall, genteel, and graceful, and poſſeſſed all the uſual accompliſhments beſtowed upon perſons of her rank. Amoretta, though the youngeſt ſiſter, in no reſpect fell ſhort of diſplaying charms equal to Leonora, and they only wanted a third ſiſter to conſtitute the Graces.

Their

Their lovers were already numerous, but Don Juan could not be prevailed upon to liſten to any of their propoſals: whether he judged his daughters were as yet too young to enter into the conjugal ſtate, or whether he thought the parties of inferior rank or fortune to what he judged the young ladies were entitled, we will not pretend to determine; however, they had already fixed their affections upon two amiable cavaliers of honourable families, who had diſtinguiſhed themſelves for their bravery. Don Alvarezo was a youth about twenty, tall and athletic, with a moſt prepoſſeſſing countenance, and moſt engaging manners: he was deeply enamoured with the beauteous Leonora, and he had reaſon to think that ſhe entertained a ſtrong partiality for him. Don Alonzo was nearly of the ſame age, rather of a more delicate conſtitution, and a moſt captivating diſpoſition. The fair Amoretta moved a goddeſs in his eyes, nor could ſhe ſuppreſs the emotions of her heart when her dear Alonzo, on his knees, ſupplicated to embrace her hand. Alvarez and Alonzo were conſidered as the modern Caſtor and Pollux; they were inceſſantly together, and by many conſidered as brothers. Such was the ſituation of affairs in the family of Don Juan, when death deprived him of his amiable conſort, and nearly at the ſame time of his father.

This

This double ſtroke of mortality for a while ſtifled the ardour of the lovers' paſſions, or at leaſt prevented the reiteration of thoſe vows which had made a juſt impreſſion on the minds of the amiable ſiſters. Decency proclaimed a retirement from the world for ſome time. At the expiration of this period, the Captain found, by the will of his late father, he was left ſole heir to all his poſſeſſions in Italy and elſewhere, and that his preſence was abſolutely neceſſary at Venice. Actuated by the moſt ſincere parental affection for his children, added to the critical time of their lives, and the ſtill more critical ſtate of their affections, to which Don Juan was ere now no ſtranger; he could not harbour a thought of leaving them behind. Accordingly, they were inſtructed to prepare themſelves for the voyage, and embarked with their father, on board a veſſel at Carthagena, which was bound to Venice, without taking leave of their lovers.

After being at ſea ſome hours, they fell in with an Algerine corſair, and little or no reſiſtance being made, were taken and carried to Algiers. What a complicated ſcene of miſery! Don Juan conſidered the loſs of his treaſure, which was very conſiderable, as a mere nothing; and even the loſs of his liberty gave him little or no affliction, when compared to the imminent peril of his daughters, whoſe beauty and youth muſt certainly

inſure

inſure their deſtruction. To think of their being the devoted ſacrifices of a Dey or a Baſhaw, occaſioned the moſt excruciating affliction. He found means to have an interview with them whilſt they were ſtill on board the piratic veſſel, in which he exhorted them, in broken accents, accompanied with floods of tears, that rendered his language more pathetic, to ſuffer death rather than ſacrifice their virtue to a tyrant, a monſter. He reminded them of their birth, their education, and their religion; he called to his aid every argument that a pious father, in ſuch a ſtate of complicated diſtreſs, could ſummon to enforce his admonitions. The fair, the virtuous ſiſters could only articulate, amidſt ſighs and involuntary floods of tears, that death to them was preferable to life in ſuch a ſtate of infamy as appeared before them.

After they had landed, they were conveyed to ſeparate dungeons; Don Juan to bemoan his untoward fate, the beauteous females to arm themſelves with becoming fortitude againſt the attacks of the barbarians that might aſſail their virtue.

They had previouſly furniſhed themſelves with each a dagger, and had vowed to each other, by every tie of parental love and ſiſterly affection, to put an end to an exiſtence that to them muſt be loathſome, and deteſted, rather than yield to either force or perſuaſion.

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The fatal news of their captivity had no ſooner reached the ears of Alvarez and Alonzo, than, fired with rage and indignation, they reſolved, at the riſque of their lives, to releaſe the fair captives and their father. They communicated their deſigns to a few of their intimate friends, who caught the glorious contagion, and having prepared a veſſel, ſailed with the firſt favourable wind upon this moſt perilous expedition.

They landed at a very critical moment, the preciſe inſtant the fair captives were conducting from their dungeons to the palace, there to be yielded up to the brutal paſſion of the Dey. The officers who had them in cuſtody, apprehending that their fortitude would be greater than was uſual, had propoſed to their maſter a plan that they thought would be productive of certain ſucceſs, in caſe all intreaties and threats became ineffectual. This was to lead them to the preſence of their father, and then inform them that his life was in their hands, as the alternative would be either an immediate compliance with the requeſt of their maſter, or the inſtant death of the venerable parent. To this purpoſe he was led from his dungeon, and placed in a conſpicuous manner; and being chained to a wall, was there to be expoſed to his wretched daughters.

The Captain was, however, ſoon releaſed from this violent anxiety; for the brave youths (Alva-

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rez and Alonzo) appearing with their valiant companions broke his chains, conveyed him on board their ſhip, with the beauteous captives, and they ſet ſail without any moleſtation; the officers who were the conductors of Leonora and Amoretta being ſlain upon the ſpot; and the whole enterpriſe conducted with ſuch ſpeed and ſucceſs, that they were ſafe at ſea before an alarm was given.

They returned to Carthagena, where Don Juan having once more fitted out a veſſel for his intended voyage to Venice, with ſtrength ſufficient to oppoſe any corſair in thoſe ſeas, and being accompanied by the valiant youths who had been their deliverers, they braved the piratic ſtates, and arrived ſafe at the place of their deſtination.

The reader will, doubtleſs, anticipate the happineſs that followed.

After the neceſſary preparations, the two-fold nuptials were celebrated. The ladies afforded an uncommon example of matrimonial love and affection to all Venice, and their lives glided on in one perpetual circle of conjugal felicity.

A CURIOUS

## ARCHIEPISCOPAL ANECDOTE.

IN the year 1491, King Henry VII. on pretence of a *French* war, iſſued out a commiſſion for levying a *benevolence* on his people, an arbitrary taxation, which had been aboliſhed by a recent law of King Richard III. and which was the more provoking, becauſe, though really raiſed by menaces and exhortations, it was nevertheleſs pretended to be given by the voluntary conſent of the people. This violence fell chiefly on the commercial part of the nation, who were poſſeſſed of ready money. *London* alone contributed to the amount of near *ten thouſand pounds*. Archbiſhop *Morton*, the chancellor, inſtructed the commiſſioners to employ a *dilemma*, in which every one might be comprehended. If the perſons applied to lived frugally, they were told, that their parſimony muſt neceſſarily have enriched them. If their method of living was ſplendid and hoſpitable, they were concluded opulent, on account of their expence. This device was by ſome called Chancellor Morton's *fork*, and by others his *crutch*.

## ANECDOTE.

*Shewing how much in former times a long Beard was valued, and how diſgraceful it was for a Man of Honour to be without one.*

BALDWIN, Count of Edeſſe, being in great want of money, had recourſe to a ſtratagem as new as it appeared to him certain. He went to his father-in-law, Gabriel, a very rich man, and told him, that being greatly preſſed for money by his troops, to whom he owed thirty thouſand michelets, and not being any way able to raiſe ſo large a ſum, he had been obliged to pledge his *beard* for the payment of it.—The aſtoniſhment of the father-in-law was ſo great at what he heard, that, doubting if he had well underſtood the Count, he made him repeat the terms of this ſtrange agreement ſeveral times; but being at length too well convinced of his ſon-in-law's inability to raiſe the caſh, the credulous Gabriel bewailed his misfortune, ſaying, " How is it poſ-
" ſible for a man to find in his heart to pledge a
" thing that ſhould be ſo carefully preſerved! a
" thing that is the proof of virility, wherein con-
" ſiſts the principal authority of man, and is the
" ornament of his face. How could you poſſibly

" conſider it as a thing of little value," continued the old man, " what cannot be taken from a man " without loading him with ſhame?" The Count replied to theſe juſt reproaches, that having nothing in the world that he valued ſo much, he had thought it his duty to pledge it, to ſatisfy his creditors; and that he was determined to fulfil his promiſe, if he could not immediately find the money he ſo much wanted. The father-in-law, alarmed for the beard of Baldwin, inſtantly gave him the thirty thouſand michelets, recommending him, at the ſame time, never more to pledge a property on which the honour of a brave knight depended.

## EMPLOYMENT.

ANXIETY and Melancholy are beſt diſpelled and kept at a diſtance by employment. On the day before the battle of Pharſalia, Plutarch tells us, when dinner was ended in the camp, while others either went to ſleep, or were diſquieting their minds with apprehenſions concerning the approaching battle, Brutus employed himſelf in writing till the evening, compoſing an epitome of Polybius.

## FEMALE DELICACY.

DELICACY is a virtue ſo highly commendable in both ſexes, that, without a certain portion of it, the human character would ſhrink from its pre-eminence, and find itſelf grovelling beneath the brute creation. Though the commiſſion of ſome particular actions may be allowed with *us* to be an open violation of all the rules of decorum; yet, it occurs to me, that it will be no eaſy taſk to prove, that indelicacy is in its nature fixed and defined to all the creation;—for, what may in Great-Britain be eſteemed an act of flagrant indecency, may, in another country, be reckoned the acmé of delicacy; nay, not only ſo, but alſo temporary as well as local delicacies and indelicacies always have, and, in my opinion, ever will occur;—and the influx, as well as the receſs of theſe, depend upon the caprice or faction of the time.

In order to prove that no defined delicacy exiſts, I will give an example of the trials of that quality held in eſtimation by the Lacedemonians.

Plutarch has taken no ſmall pains to panegyrize the Ladies of Sparta; and to prove that his aſſertions are founded in truth, he tells us, " that " Lycurgus took all poſſible care in the accom-

" pliſhments

" pliſhments of the women, that they might not " only be rendered uſeful, but ornamental;—he " ordered the maidens to exerciſe themſelves in " wreſtling, running, throwing quoits and darts, " that they might be more beautifully muſcular " and ſtrong, as well as endure, with greater eaſe, " the pains of child-bearing, and produce a hardy " race; and to take away their unfaſhionable " tenderneſs, he directed that the virgins ſhould " go naked as well as the young men, and dance " and ſing at certain ſolemn feaſts and ſacrifices. " Here they ſtrove to outvie each other, and to " render themſelves pleaſing and attractive to " their lovers, by alertneſs of geſture, and melody " of voice;—and to increaſe the ſolemnity and " decorum of theſe aſſemblies, the two kings and " the whole ſenate always attended them."— Plutarch further remarks, " that though it may " ſeem ſtrange that virgins ſhould appear thus " naked in public, yet, as the ſtricteſt modeſty " was obſerved, and all wantonneſs excluded, " there was no indecency in it, but, on the con- " trary, it accuſtomed the ladies to an innocent " ſimplicity, and uniform modeſty." This is one example of what was eſteemed delicacy in Lacedemon. Among the Roman ladies we find a different ſpecies:—Lucretia, whoſe chaſtity was violated by Tarquin, unable to endure the ignominy of the act, with a contempt of death inherent

rent only in the Roman character, in the preſence of her father, huſband, and friends, plunged a dagger in her boſom, and thus ſought an aſylum from the bluſhes of her own checks, rather than from the calumny of the Roman people, who were in poſſeſſion of inconteſtible proofs of her innocency. It has been ſaid that Tarquin did not violate her body, but merely expoſed thoſe parts that decency had ſecluded.

Indeed, were we to ſearch for the ideas of delicacy prevalent in every nation, we ſhould find nearly as many ſorts as there are countries, each having their own criterion.

Even in our own country, we find at different times different rules of decency; I mean not to ſpeak it in diſparagement to the beauty or virtue of our ladies; but if things go on in the ſame proportion of rapidity that they have done the laſt century, I have reaſon to believe, in the courſe of another, it will be as common a ſight to ſee a naked female in a London theatre, as it was in times of old at Sparta; and to prove the increaſed and increaſing nakedneſs of our ladies in their public appearance, I give the following little table, exhibiting when and how much of them was expoſed.

1700—All going maſked to the theatres—*nothing was ſeen.*
1727—The maſk being thrown aſide—the *face* appeared.
1750—The maſk and gloves being off—the *face* and *hands* appeared.

1760—The

1760—The petticoats were ſhortened—and half the *leg* appeared.

1795—The handkerchief being removed—the *breaſt* and *neck* appeared.

1796—The ſleeves being ſhortened—the elbow and half the upper joint of the arm appeared.

Now ſuppoſing the ſuperficies of the human body to be ten ſquare feet, the naked parts will be nearly five at this time, and conſequently ſhould they perſevere in uncovering in an equal ratio, in about ninety years they will have left upon their bodies little more than a pair of ſtockings; this will appear by the rules of proportion. From the above data it is evident, that the ideas of delicacy entertained by Britiſh Ladies is approximating in a certain ratio to that of the females of ancient Sparta; or perhaps, indeed, to their own anceſtors the Britons;—and from theſe premiſes it may be no unwarrantable aſſertion, that in ninety years there will be little ſmuggling of Flanders lace or other frippery, but their beautiful ſkins may again be dyed with woad, and have the figures of the heavenly bodies cut or tattooed upon them.

## ANECDOTE
OF
## MR. LOCKE.

WHEN Mr. Locke wanted to reſign his poſt, on account of his aſthma, the King (William) would have had him continue in it, and told him expreſsly, that though he could ſtay in London but a few weeks, his ſervices in the office would be very neceſſary to him. His Majeſty, however, at length, yielded to the repreſentations of Mr. Locke, who could not prevail on himſelf to hold an employment of that importance, without doing the duties of it more regularly. He formed and executed this deſign without making any communication of it, though he might eaſily have entered into a compoſition with any perſon; who, being befriended by his intereſt, would have probably carried his poſt from any other ſolicitor. He was told this, and by way of reproach too, "I know it very well," replied he, "but that was the very reaſon why I communi-"cated my deſign to nobody; I received the place "from the king himſelf, and to him I reſolved to "reſtore it, to diſpoſe of it as he thought proper." How few men, in Mr. Locke's ſituation, would have been incommoded with his ſcrupuloſity?

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The truth is, if we may believe his own account of the matter, that he was never fond of preferment. He ſeems to have accepted of it merely in compliance with his Majeſty's requeſt, which he doubtleſs conſidered as a command.

Mr. Locke had another reaſon, beſides his aſthma, for reſigning his poſt, which he gave in a letter to his friend Mr. Molyneux, dated February 22, 1696—7. "The corruption of the age," ſays he to that gentleman, "gives me ſo ill a pro-"ſpect of any ſucceſs in deſigns of this kind (for "the public good) never ſo well laid, that I am "not ſorry my ill health gives me ſo juſt a reaſon "to deſire to be eaſed of the employment I am in."

## AN ANECDOTE.

A Roman-Catholic Gentleman went a patridge ſhooting along with a Proteſtant neighbour of his, on a faſt-day; they were driven about noon, by a thunder-ſtorm, to a little public-houſe, where they could get nothing to eat but ſome bacon and eggs. The good Catholic had a tender conſcience, and would eat nothing but eggs; the Proteſtant, his companion, who was one of your *good ſort* of people, ſaid, there could be no harm in

in his eating a bit of bacon with his eggs; that bacon could not be called fleſh; that it was no more than a *red-herring*; it is *fiſh* as one might ſay. So the Catholic took a bit of bacon with his eggs: but juſt as he had put it to his mouth, there came a moſt tremendous clap of thunder; upon which the poor Catholic ſlipped it down upon his plate again, muttering to himſelf—*What a noiſe here is about a bit of bacon!* He fooliſhly fancied now, the ſin was in his eating the bacon. No ſuch matter, it was his want of faith. He had not a proper faith in his own ſuperſtitious principles.

## A MIDNIGHT HYMN.

TO Thee, all glorious everlaſting Power,
I conſecrate this ſolemn midnight hour;
Whilſt darkneſs robes in ſhades the ſpangled ſky,
And all things huſh'd in peaceful ſlumbers lie;
Unwearied let me praiſe Thy holy name,
Each thought with riſing gratitude inflame,
For the rich mercies which Thy hands impart,
Health to my limbs, and comfort to my heart.

Should the ſcene change, and pain extort my ſighs,
Then ſee my fears, and liſten to my cries;

Then

Then let my ſoul by ſome bleſt foretaſte know
Her ſure deliv'rance from eternal woe:
Arm'd with ſo bright a hope, no more I'll fear
To ſee the dreadful hand of death draw near;
But, my faith ſtrength'ning, as my life decays,
My dying breath ſhall mount to heav'n in praiſe.

Oh! may my pray'r before Thy throne ariſe,
An humble, but accepted ſacrifice!
Bid kindly ſleep my weary eye-lids cloſe,
And chear my body with a ſoft repoſe.
Their downy wings may guardian Angels ſpread,
And from all terrors ſcreen my hapleſs head!
May of thy powerful light ſome gracious beams
Shine on my ſoul, and influence my dreams!

## ANECDOTE
OF
## ARTHENODORUS.

ARTHENODORUS the philoſopher, by reaſon of his great age, begged leave to retire from the court of Auguſtus; which the Emperor accordingly granted him. In making his compliments on the occaſion, as he was about to withdraw,

draw, " Remember, Cæſar, (ſaid he) whenever " you are angry, that you ſay or do nothing before " you have diſtinctly repeated to yourſelf the four " and twenty letters of the alphabet." Upon this, Cæſar, catched him haſtily by the hand, and cried out, ' Stay, ſtay, Arthenodorus! I have need of ' thy preſence longer ſtill;' and ſo detained him another year. This incident is celebrated by the ancients as a rule of excellent wiſdom, and does high honour to this intrepid and honeſt counſellor, to the world's maſter.

## ANECDOTE

OF THE

## DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

GEORGE Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, with the figure and genius of Alcibiades, could equally charm the preſbyterian Fairfax, and the diſſolute Charles. When he alike ridiculed that witty king, and his ſolemn chancellor; when he plotted the ruin of his country with a cabal of bad miniſters, or, equally unprincipled, ſupported its cauſe with bad patriots; one laments that ſuch parts ſhould have been devoid of every vir-

t'

tue. But when Alcibiades turns chymiſt; when he is a real bubble, and a viſionary miſer; when ambition is but a frolic; when the worſt deſigns are for the fooliſheſt ends; contempt extinguiſhes all reflections on his character. An inſtance of aſtoniſhing quickneſs is related of this witty Duke: Being preſent at the firſt repreſentation of one of Dryden's pieces of heroic nonſenſe, where a lover ſays,

"MY WOUND IS GREAT, BECAUSE IT IS SO SMALL;"

The Duke cried out,

'*Then, 'twou'd be greater, were it none at all.*'

The play was inſtantly damn'd.

## MATERNAL AFFECTION.

WHAT pen can deſcribe all the emotions of joy and ſorrow which at times agitate a mother's boſom; the tender ſolicitudes for the object of her affection; her alarms and dread when in danger of loſing it; and her deſpair, when it is gone for ever?

A noble Venetian Lady, having loſt her only ſon, became a prey to exceſſive grief. Her con-

feſſor

feſſor endeavoured to conſole her; he told her to think of Abraham, whom the Almighty commanded to ſacrifice his ſon, and which he obeyed without murmuring. "*Ah! my father,*" ſhe replied with much vehemence, "*God would never* "*have commanded ſuch a ſacrifice to a mother.*"

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